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Anticipation.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So, from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due,
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Jerry an' Me.

No matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
My Jerry there has left the sea
With all its luck an' woe;
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it luck or no.

They told him—Lor', men take no care
How words they speak may fall—
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with oar and trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
Out of his feelin way,
If he fit young 't will do, but then,
If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
Ba all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
The door-yard for a deck,
An' scans the boat a-goin' out
Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
Are never rich; an' you,
My Johnny here—a grown-up man—
Is man an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
Home had an empty look;
But I will win him by an' by
To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,
The days when we were wed,
But he shall never know—my man—
The lack o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
A needleful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
How many yet there be,
Whose codmen full as old as mine
Are somewhere on the sea,
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think
O' Jerry home an'—me;

JOHN RANDALL'S WIFE.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self-dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast table, and thereby signify her acquiesce ce in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; ta l, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. F r all this she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Millville—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dilloways, and the Verses.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold—strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the reception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the other wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little to fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button—a somewhat shiny button on a some what shiny coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasan' for a man to be called to an account—about money (and of course it was money, and money only Georgy wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a very patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks:

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all my bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he begun it, he should be always behind hand, always poor.

This was his fact. Georgy had hers, also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this occasion that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegances that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than to much.

John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful,—a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I have forgotten," she said quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her bedroom to arrange her toilet for the call. She had a genius for dress; and, despite the mended cloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and steelest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen the only son, had just returned from a five year's residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her,

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back toward Georey, whom she had not perceived, and nodded.

"It is that young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year b fore—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well-furnished rooms; somewhat she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgy returned quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us, five years ago."

"Five years? Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, it is not real?"

"No; those wax flowers are very like nature, though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgy Randalls's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by a force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, perservering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nose woman in steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat hold ing her wine-cup up to the firelight not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and his prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvments He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?"

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip — oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink begun to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes, full of luster. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great plashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgy," she suggested. "John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes!" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton horses, and it might be the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employees.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton, "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said, thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that John Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when, reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and hightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear—a desperate, deathlike fear—that Georgy needed something he could not give to make her happy. He could never give her any luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to woman. But he loved her so! O heavens! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look on her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.

He knew that she met Haliburton a her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went into her little desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgy herself—that there should be no outward or visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting house that Saturday night to receive his money. The Cashier looked up with a certain embarrassment at the approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him. I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed, and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason he could not conjecture. But to lose it was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgy now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day bread, before he got work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgy, evidently, had not overlooked the re occurence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower-beds; chrysanthemums—blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand; she rais.d her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for years before. She was coming back to him again! That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end; upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour, will you, John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice, by-and-by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgy had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt sobrok en by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gayety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she had asked him. When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by him. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgy had ready. Yet nobody ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgy disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husbands glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We meant to make it all very forma,l John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it at once in my own way."

She paused and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgy nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John:" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made from the calicoes."

"Georgy!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to till I knew whether I could succeed.'

John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which, though his wife did not suspect it was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on:—"I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to know that you know of it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as for prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short' suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, to , will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary!"

The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy. Mr. Haliburton to talk much," he said in his straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all causes for low spirits—"

He stopped short. The big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John?" What Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgy, that you will ever know." They were alone together, by-and-by, with their new-formed happiness. Perhaps Georgy equally believed that there was no more need for mystification

"What ever made you think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the toil, and all the indulgence. I pondered how I could made or save something

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know, I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait to-night to come to tell you all."

"My darling!"

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder; and in the bright ness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glows of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

The Origin of Camp-Meetings.

The origin of camp meeting is thus stated by a writer in the New York *Evening Post:* Though not attended with any idea such as originated the modern camp-meeting, the out-door and secret gatherings of the Huguenots in France and of the Dissenters in England probably gave the first rise to all subsequent movements of this nature. In America their beginning is said to have been occasioned by a want of church buildings. Two brothers named Magee, one of them a Presbyterian preacher, and the other a Methodist, who created during the summer of 1790, a great religious excitement in that part of Kentucky in which they lived, are said to be the founders of camp meetings in this country. Their congregations soon became far too large for the limited church accommodation at that time provided, and a union out-of-door meeting was decided upon. To this the people flocked from all parts of the State. The success of the meeting was great, and at once apparent. The number of converts was something that approached the marvelous. It was determined to renew the experiment the next year. From all parts of the State, as well as from bordering territory, immense numbers of people gathered. Reports say that there were assembled as many as 20,000 persons, which was a wonderful number for that time.

Since then the movement has continued to go on, though until within the last six or eight years it was thought that camp meetings were growing out of date. Within that period a new momentum has been given to them. It is the purpose of the Methodist Episcopal Church to give to this movement a dignified, systematic and permanent position in the religious community. To that end associations are formed, grounds purchased in the name of corporate bodies, cottages built (which are slowly taking the place of tents), and a crops of regular and distinguished divines are provided to superintend the services.

Under this system these meetings have grown in the respect and sympathy of the community—so much so, indeed, that there is some talk of imitation on the part of the Presbyterians. The Young Men's Christian Association, in which that denomination takes an active part, joins with the Methodist brethren in out door meetings, which, though by no means revival meetings, tend that way.

A CLOUD BURST.—A few weeks ago a rain cloud burst and washed away the road bed of the Honesdale branch of the Erie Railway for the distance of about one hundred feet. Cloud bursts are of infrequent occurrence in the Atlantic States but they are quite common in Nevada and elsewhere in the extreme West. A cloud burst is not a water spout, though the two are often confounded in the popular mind. A water spout results from a whirlwind which gathers a quantity of water from the face of the ocean or some other broad surface, and whirls it upward and through the air. Cloud-bursts occur in the summer during heavy thunder storms and are simply rain showers of sudden and extraordinary violence. An overladen cloud suddenly condenses, and the water of which it is composed falls to the earth in torrents. In a mountainous country like Nevada the results of a cloud-burst are often terrible. So sudden is the flood, that sometimes where not a drop of water has been seen for months, a large turbulent torrent all at once comes pouring down, washing away trees, houses, roads, rocks and everything that comes in its way. One of these floods thus pouring down a steep, dry, mountain canon, frequently shows an advancing, resistless front of logs, bowlders, and brush twelve or fifteen feet high.

LECTURES.—A man in Oneida, N. Y., depends on lecturing for a living beyond any other man we know of. His sister left quite a property in trust for him; but, knowing him to be peculiar and likely to spend it all, her will provided that he should receive five dollars for every lecture he should deliver. And so he lectures morning, noon and night, as opportunity offers, or a little audience of children or adults can be gathered, if it be only a complaisant family groud around a breakfast table.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A singular accident occurred in Germany. A basket maker had a quantity of willow switches stored away in a cellar. Going down to fetch some his remaining away too long seemed strange, and another person went to look for him. This man did not return either, and two others went down. All four were killed by the fermentation of the green willow switches

The Art of Making Butter.

In response to numerous inquiries before the American Institution Farmer's Club in regard to making prime butter, Mr. Todd, gave the following information:

Many producers of butter make a grave mistake, which deprives them of a large amount of clear cash, by supposing that the products of their dairy will return as much profit when the butter is made in such a careless manner that it resembles a cross between mutton tallow and lard, rather than gilt-edged butter. Thousands of tubs and firkins of butter, strong enough to perambulate the city, are sold from ten to fifteen cents per pound; whereas, by exercising a little care and neatness, and adding the proper quantity of salt, every pound would have brought thirty or thirty five cents. The loss has to be sustained by the producers. Thousands of hard-working females, who grind out their dinners by irksome drudgery, could save two or three dollars per every hour's service when making butter, by simply spending a few minutes more than they have hitherto done in managing their milk, cream and butter with extra care. It is the scrupulous neatness in washing milk pails and pans, in the management of the cream in churning and packing butter, that secures an article that will pass for prime gilt-edged butter, which always commands a remunerative price, whether it is made in Orange County, or on the prairies of Kansas. I wish to impress on those butter producers who always complain of low prices, the eminent importance of observing only a few things which will enable them to make an article which may be forwarded directly to any of our fashionable hotels, where every pound will command the highest price.

1. That every milkpail, pan, churn and butter-bowl is cleaned with boiling hot water as often as they are used.

2. See that the udders of the cows and hands of the milkers are as clean as pure water will make them before an atom of milk is drawn.

3. Provide a clean place for the pans while the cream is rising, where the pure breezes from the green fields may blow into the window over the cream and out at an opposite opening. Good butter can never be made in a filthy apartment, where there is offensive effluvia arising from any thing, no matter what.

4. Cream ought to be churned every day; yet, if one can provide a clean corner, in a cellar or milk-room clean and cool, and keep the cream-pail on a clean piece of flagstone, he can make superior butter by churning twice per week, provided the temperature of the cream is maintained from day to day about sixty Fahrenheit,

5. Always skim the milk soon after the cream has risen. Thousands of barrels of cream are ruined for making gilt-edged butter by not skimming the milk soon after the cream has risen. The sooner the cream is removed after it has risen the better the butter will be. Milk, which should be skimmed at evening, is frequently left till morning, when the cream will be injured to such an extent that gilt-edged butter can not be made from it at all; neither will it make as many pounds as if it had been skimmed at the proper time.

6. Let the churning be done by a person whose hands and clothes are as clean and as sweet as a blossom of red clover: and let the churning be continued until the butter has come. It is ruinous to the butter to put cream in the churn, as is sometimes done, and churn rapidly for a minute or two every hour in the day, then in the evening all take hold in turn, and keep the cream dashing and splashing until midnight. It the cream is properly managed, butter will always come beautifully in less than half an hour.

7. The butter should be worked and thoroughly salted soon after it is churned. There is but little danger of salting too much. One ounce per pound is not enough for butter that is to be shipped any considerable distance. It is ruinous to the grain of butter to throw it into a dish-pan and knead it with the hands. The best instrument for working out the buttermilk is any thing that will cut deep gashes in the butter into which the butter-milk will flow. The next day after churning, the butter should be worked again, and packed. Beware of working butter too much. A great many persons continue to work and knead their butter to its injury after the butter-milk is removed, thinking that all the "crystal tear drops," which are not butter-milk, must be worked out.

8. Thousands of tubs and firkins are received in the New York market containing what was once prime gilt-edged butter, but which was spoiled by being packed before the tubs had been properly prepared by being soaked in brine. For the sake of saving three cents worth of salt, for preparing a strong brine in which to soak a firkin two or three days, many a frugal housewife has been obliged to accept half the price of prime butter simply because the staves were not saturated with brine before the butter was packed.

DRINKING WATER.—Drinking wine is a habit, so is drinking spirits, ale, cider coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. Those people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain effects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The result is, as may be natrally expected, exhaustion. For this reason, the man who drinks much water, particularly during the Summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. the water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water, he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In Winter, little fluid is needed beyond what our food furnishes; in Summer some more, but not much.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearage or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

IN THE CHAIN GANG.—The chain gang of Los Angeles has among its members Robert Gordon Milne, a graduate of Oxford University, England, class of 1867, who is serving a sentence of twenty-five days for the petty offense of appropriating a half gallon of native wine value 25 cents which he claims he desired to purchase, and afterward threw away. A city paper publishes a fine scholarly production from his pen, replete with classical quotations, taking grounds against the system of degrading criminals by compelling them to work on the public streets with ball and chain.

Death Sentence in Servia.

There is no state in Europe in which the barbarous punishment of breaking on the wheel is inflicted any longer on criminals of the worst description except in Servia, one of the semi-dependencies of Turkey, on the lower Danube. Not long since a whole family was murdered by two men who were arrested by the authorities. Under the torture of the lash one of the murderers confessed his guilt and immediately detailed the horrible circumstances attending the crime. Both men were found guilty and sentenced to be broken by blows from a club, which was done in the presence of an immence concourse of people. When the two criminals had been brought on the platform every stitch of clothing left upon Alexiry was torn off, and he was firmly tied to the St. Andrew's cross. Until this fatal moment he had preserved his equanimity to a most remarkable degree. But now the executioner drew from a green bag a sort of an iron club, with an iron knob at its head. The fastened criminal looked wistfully at the man who was to torture him, and then put him to death. The executioner raised the iron club and crashed Alexiry's right shoulder. The murderer gave a shriek, and made a desperate effort to free himself of his fetters. He struggled desperately in his agony, but the next blow which the executioner gave him—on the knee-pan—elicited from the culprit a scream of pain that caused the blood of the spectators of the dismal scene to freeze. After the infliction he seemed insensible, and the other blows that crushed his joints, and the finishing strokes on his belly, were given as to a dead man.

Meanwhile, Werthstein, in his chains, had to look on. He rent the air with his lamentations, and came near fainting away when the executioner dealt Alexiry the first blow, he flung himself to the floor and begged piteously for his life; but after the lifeless and mutilated corpse of Alexiry had been detached from the fatal St. Andrew's cross he was dragged to it and, in spite of his invocation of the Holy Moses, fastened to it like his accomplice. He yelled even before he received the first stroke with the iron club; but when that instrument of torture descended upon his shoulder joint he gave an unearthly scream, and the executioner's blow upon his knee pan made him howl still worse.

For five minutes—an eternity under the circumstances—he continued his yells, and it was not until the executioner gave him three heavy blows on the abdomen that all was quiet, and Servian justice was satisfied.

Women and Marriage.

Every woman with any romance or magnanimity has, so far as she contemplates marriage for herself merely in the abstract, an ideal, or some vague assemblage of high qualities which stand for such. She can only suppose herself voluntarily linking her fate with another, if that other is a man exceptionally good or noble, or at least distinguished among his fellows. At all events he must be something quite above the common run of men about her. The typical old maid has had this ideal, and been faithful to it; it may be for want of adequate temptation to inconstancy. Some women—the charming woman, for example—have not been allowed to keep their ideal. They have lost sight of it in finding themselves the ideal of some one else. Our typical vestal has never been a charming woman, though she may have many excellent gifts and graces. Women are so made, happily for men, that gratitude, pity, the exquisite pleasure of pleasing, the sweet surprise of finding themselves necessary to another's happines (or being flattered into the notion,) altogether obscure and confuse the judgment; they either forget their ideal altogether, or think they have found it in the very commonplace mortal who is their choice. But to some women this does not happen. The natural instinct to please is not strong in them. They only care to please where their taste and judgment approve, and their manner is cold or indifferent in general society. There is a French proverb, compounded of resignation and worldly policy, which represents the submission and destiny of the attractive woman: *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a.* It is not that the other is deliberately unattractive, but she recognizes no necessity. She does not want to please out of her pale of sympathies; and the alternative has no terrors for her. In fact, she has forseen that a single life is her probable destiny. It is not at all necessary that this unattractiveness should have to do with a conscious want of beauty. A beautiful woman, as far as color and outline constitute beauty—but failing in bewitching qualities—may repel admiration by indifference, and live to glorify the sisterhood to which her manner devotes her; but it is the woman of commonplace exterior and sensitive mind that is most commonly left alone with her ideal. We believe that almost any woman who is not what is called "particular" may marry if she chooses—that is, if she does not speculate upon herself, or share the world's unfavorable view of her personal pretentions.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JAPANESE COINAGE.—The new Japanese money, in progress of receiving at San Francisco is a curiosity. The reverse of the coin contains in the center the representation of a mirror, symbolical of the rising sun. Above is a circle divided into sixteen segments, representing a chrysanthemum. Below is a branch of the "kiri" tree, with three stems, seventeen blossoms, and three leaves. On the side of the mirror are the Imperial Japanese standards, one containing the sun and the other the moon. Around these devices is a wreath, one side composed of chrysanthemum leaves and the other "kiri" leaves. The obverse or face of the coin has in the center the figure of a dragon, the emblem of wisdom and purity, and a symbol of imperial power. The Japanese inscriptions on the face of the coin around the dragon may be translated "Great Sun Rising," the name of Japan, and "Third year of peace and enlightenment," the official designation of the reign of the present emperor. The special name and value are placed on each coin.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.—Ann Cooper, a married woman, was severely burned on the breast and neck, a year ago, and has since been under treatment in Bellevue Hospital. A new skin would not form over the burned spots, and the surgeons decided that her case demanded a desperate remedy. On June 10, a man's right leg was amputated, and immediately after the operation had been performed Dr. Alexander B. Mott cut off from the stump 89 pieces of flesh of the size of a U. S. three-cent silver piece and applied them to the breast and neck of Mrs. Cooper. The process was similar to that of grafting in tree culture. Of the pieces of flesh thus grafted, 80 adhered, and the woman's health rapidly improved. She left the hospital, yesterday, perfectly cured.

Sir Roundell Palmer's fee of $150,000 for attending to the interests of Great Britain at the Geneva Conference is said to be the largest single fee ever paid to a British lawyer. There have been several instances in the United States where $100,000 have been paid, Clarkson N. Potter having received that fee in a railroad case, and General Sickles a similar sum for ousting the Gould dynasty from Erie.

Eli Perkins on Economical Girls—Gus Finds an Economical Girl.

Congress Hall, My old statistician says there are just four of those beautiful sage green dresses in Saratoga. Three, he says, are worn by very stylish young ladies and one is worn by an old lady who has no business to be wearing it. Every time he sees one of those beautiful dresses he goes into an ecstacy of delight. He rubs his hands and says, "there comes the agony of Paris—$400, if it's a cent!"

When we look up, it is a sage green.

Yesterday one of the beautiful young ladies who wears a sage green took a ride over to the lake with my friend Gus. Gus has got good blood in him, but he ain't very "stampy." He always takes to expensive girls, and after getting interested in them they talk such expensive talk about camel's hairs, velvet suits and trips to Europe, that poor Gus gets frightened off. He comes up to my room and says he don't believe there is a girl in New York who don't cost her father $3,000 a year just for nice clothes. Then he buries his face in his hands, and says: "Oh dear, there is no chance for a poor fellow on $500 a year."

Yesterday Gus came into my room, looking bright and happy. His eyes fairly shone with the ecstacy of a blissful emotion.

"What is it, Gus?" I asked.

"I've found her; she's here!" and then he stopped to catch his breath.

"Who's here?" I asked, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Woodhull or Susan B. Anthony had arrived.

"Why, the girl that I've been looking for—sweet, young, stylish—and not expensive!"

"Lightning Gus!" said I, putting on my glasses, "I'd like to see such a girl myself. Where is she?"

"We just come in from a ride—she's down in the parlor—a regular stunner, in sage green, and so economical!"

"Sage green—sage g-r-e e-n," I muttered to myself, thinking of the $400 I saw a young lady pay for just such a dress; "how do you know she isn't expensive. How do you—?"

"Why, confound it!" broke in Gus, "I know it. I've been talking to her for three hours. She talked very economical, just like a sensible girl."

"What did she say?" I continued.

"Why, she said, she was looking for a true man, a man brave and generous, with love in his heart, and with such a man she said she could be happy in a garret. Yes, she said she could be happy in a garret with the man she loved. Ha! ha!" and Gus whirled round twice and kicked the crown out of my best Dunlap hat in the excess of his mirth.

* * * * * * *

I made Gus take me right down for an introduction to his economical friend, and then I let him go off to change his coat for dinner.

Miss D. was pretty and stylish, too. She had on a love of a $75 hat, and those pretty $18 laced gaiters which the man makes under the Coleman house. Her dress was the richest gros grain sage green with pannier, watteau, polonaise, and a court train. It contained exactly 176 yards of $9 silk. On her pretty hands were six-button gaslight green kids, which lost themselves under point lace undersleeves and over diamond bracelets. On her arm she carried a $1,500 camel's hair shawl.

"This is mother's, Mr. Perkins," she remarked. "I took it in case of a rain. I don't expect to have camel's hair and regular diamonds until I'm married. Mother's last words when I left home, were, 'Now, Lizzie, don't be introduced to any foreigners or lose your jewelry.'"

"Couldn't you be happy after you are married, without camel's hair and diamonds?" I asked, taking her $75 pearl and point lace fan, and looking down at her point lace underskirt.

"Why, I hadn't thought much about it. That's just what your friend Motley and I were talking about. And such a nice long talk—"

"Then you and Gus have been discussing the love-in-a-cottage idea, have you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, that was it; and he's so nice—"

"And didn't you say that you could live in a garret with a brave, handsome man, whom you loved dearly?"

"Yes, I did say that. I don't care if I do blush. I said I could live happily in a garret with the man I loved—and I could if—we could have a nice elevator and have our meals sent in from Delimonico's. Why, those Paran Stevens $6,000 garret suites are just as cosy as they can be!"

* * * * * * *

This, alas! was the economical sweetness of my friend Gus, who could live in a $6,000 garret with the man she loved. These are the economical young ladies who come to Saratoga and deceive us poor fellows—who talk garret, get our solitaires and then come the elevator and lunch from Delmonico dodges on us. These, alas! are the young ladies who gain our honest love just to steal our money for $400 sage green dresses with watteaus and polonaise all cut on the bais, or sell us. These are the dear creatures whom magnanimous fathers generously give away to us—saying, "Take her, Adolphus, and be happy—alas! if you can!"

THE COMET.—For the benefit of those of our readers who may have been alarmed by the report that the earth would be destroyed in a short time, through collision with a comet, it may be proper to say that a very great difference of opinion exists upon the subject among the best-known astronomers of the age

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 6, '72

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Jeremiah S. Black,	G. W. Woodward,
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Constitutional Delegates,
JOHN M. BAILEY, of Huntingdon.
ANDREW REED, of Mifflin.

Assembly—JOHN H. ORVIS.
Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—JOHN H MORRISON.
Recorder—ISRAEL J. GRENOBLE.
Sheriff—BENJ. F. SHAFER.
Commissioner—AUSTIN HINTON.
Auditor—JOHN SMITH.
Coroner—P. S. FISHER.

The Indictment Against Hartranft.

The Lancaster Express, an old Republican paper, can not go for Hartranft, because he is the Cameron ring candidate, and it brings six specific counts against him, which the radical press have not yet answered. The Express says on the 6th of August the lettter of Senator Billingfelt, on retiring from the Congressional canvass in Lancaster county was published. In that letter he said he retired from the canvass "in order that I may be left free to oppose what I believe is wrong in principle and at variance with the true interests of the Republican party and the Commonwealth at large." What he was thus "left free to oppose" he clearly expressed in the following six specific charges:

1. That "the Auditor General has permitted the practice of a system in his department of settling some of the most important public accounts without requiring duly authenticated or properly qualified vouchers, to which no prudent business man in his individual transactions would submit."

This is a direct, specific charge of malfeasance in office, which, if denied, Senator Billingfelt is ready to prove by official documents.

2. That "our State war claims against the General Government, amounting to nearly three millions of dollars, were permitted too long to slumber in the hands of irresponsible parties, and all information in regard to the same, such as the plain act of Assembly requires, withheld by the Auditor General from the public and denied to individuals who had the right to demand such information, until public opinion throughout the entire commonwealth was aroused to indignation in consequence of this neglect of official duty."

This is a specific charge which Gen. Hartranft, or no one authorized to speak for him, has attempted to deny, and which Mr. Billingfelt stands ready to prove.

That "The Sinking Fund, of which the Auditor General is one the three Commissioners, and who holds the balance of power in the Board, has been used, to a large extent, by individual favorites for speculative purposes, instead of being applied to the purposes for which it was solely created—The extinguishment of the public debt."

This is a grave specific charge of a high misdemeanor in office, which, if sustained in a court of justice, would subject the guilty party to a fine and imprisonment, and deposition from office. Senator Billingfelt knows the facts, and is prepared to prove them whenever they are denied.

4. That "due diligence has not been used, nor have proper efforts been made, to 'reduce our State debt as rapidly as the funds in the treasury may justify,' as both the law and a proper regard for the interests of the public require.

Gen. Hartranft took a solemn oath to truly and faithfully perform the duty which Senator Billingfelt here specifically charges him with neglecting. He is prepared at any time to meet the issue on an appeal to the official documents.

5. That "over five millions of our state loans have for some time been overdue and still bearing interest, while, according to official reports, there has been for years an average unexpended balance of over a million and a half of dollars in the State Treasury."

This is a specific charge, and it is moreover a notorious fact, which has been sustained by official documents.

6. That "upon several occasions efforts were made to secure legislation which, had they been successful, would have increased the public debt millions of dollars, and decreased the assets in the Sinking Fund millions more. It is well known to the public that the Republican candidate for Governor recommended the former, and the candidate for Auditor General was conspicuous in the latter attempt."

Here is a specific charge against General Hartranft and his associate on the State ticket, which Senator Billingfelt is prepared to sustain whenever called upon to do so.

How can Gen. Hartranft and his friends expect honest men to vote for him so long as he permits such a damning indictment to hang over his head unchallenged?

Surely, if he is an honest man and has a clean official record, three weeks time ought to be enough for him to prepare such a vindication as would satisfy all reasonable men that the foregoing indictments cannot be sustained!

Senatorial Conference.

Senatorial Conferees of this District assembled in Huntingdon, Saturday the 24th inst., at 1 o'clock, p. m.

The meeting was organized by the election of John Hoffer, Esq., of Centre Co., Chairman, and Amos G. Bonsall, of Juniata, Secretary.

The following Conferees presented their credentials and were admitted to seats in the conference:

Centre—D. F. Forney, W. A. Tobias, John Hoffer.

Huntingdon, John S. Miller, G. Ashe Miller and S. E. Fleming.

Mifflin—Reed Sample, C. P. Dull, J. B. Selheimer.

Juniata—T. J. Middagh, B. E. Parker, A. G. Bonsall.

On motion the Conference proceeded to nominate and elect candidates for Delegates to the Constitutional Convention—each Conferee to have two votes—one for each of the two Delegates to be nominated.

The first ballot resulted in an election, as follows:

P. G. Meek, 6 votes; J. M. Bailey, 7; And. Read 11.

On motion Messrs. Read and Bailey were declared the unanimous choice of the Conference for Delegates to the Constitutional Convention and the Conference adjourned.

RIGHT.—The nomination of John H. Orvis, Esq., for Assembly by the democrats of Centre county, is eminently proper. Fill our Legislature with gentlemen of his ability, and corruption and special legislation will be the exception and not the rule.—We will be very much mistaken if Mr. Orvis' ability will not place him in the front rank in the House, and after one term the leader, unless better material is selected for members of that body than has heretofore graced it from a majority of the counties.—Clearfield Republican.

The Grantites of this county had considerable difficulty to get material to serve upon their ticket; they sent out drummers in all directions to coax men to accept a nomination, and met with little success. But they have fixed upon some gentlemen, *nolens volens*, and set them up to be knocked down. The majority of their nominees feel like declining, and we would advise them to do so at once. We know it was the wish of the better thinking portion of the republicans on this side, that no nomination be made by their party for Assembly. They thought it due to the eminent talent, worth and fitness of our nominee, John H. Orvis, that he be elected without opposition, and we shall not be surprised if the result in October tell that there was no opposition; he will at all events, get a large share of republican votes, and the solid vote of the democracy. He will make an honest representative; his abilities will make him the terror of the rings, and our people think, and rightly too, that Mr. Orvis should be sent there, backed by a vote of confidence. The pledges Mr. Orvis made in his speech, in the court-house, on Tuesday evening of last week, he will be faithful too, as every one knows who knows the man.

The Berichterly bewails not having received any extra funds for some years. Its memory is short. We think our honest and faithful county treasurer, Col. Weaver, and the democracy generally, have an idea that it was hired only last fall to injure the Colonel's election, and thus assist a radical candidate. The $250 is a big thing on ice; but we can't give you more notice gratis, as we require 15 cents per line in advance for noticing one who stands as a pitiable ambush for P. G. M. to fire from and who boasts of his control over the profound chap of the Berichterly.

Our mention that Grant funds had been used upon pretended democratic papers seemed to hit and cause a squeal, in a quarter which we did not have in our mind when we wrote it, and which we did not know was so prominent that it was vuinerable to a random shot from our pop-gun, hence we'll be *keerful* hereafter.

A. B. Hutchinson, a former radical leader and orator of this county, now living in Kansas, don't train with the Grant crowd, but goes for old Horace.

The committee of radical wet-nurses, sent from Bellefonte, last week, to see Andy Curtin, and offer him the nomination for congress, if he'd stick to Grant, came back like from a funeral. They saw Andy, but Andy could not *see it*.

Minister Curtin is ill, and his physicians have advised him to go to Saratoga. We think Grant has soured somewhat on Andy's stomach, and that's what's the matter.

Spotted Tail has not yet changed and thus heads the list of important personages who are for Grant.

Wilson denied having been a know-nothing, and now the thing is out on him. So grant and Wilson have both been caught in fibs.

In 1860 the United States Army cost the people $16,001,167. In 1871 it cost $44,080,085. In 1860 the Navy cost the people $11,513,150; one million and a half of which was for new vessels. In 1871 it cost $19,431,027, with not a cent for new vessels.

Here we discover a difference in items of expenditure for a single year, of $35,986,795, in favor of James Buchanan's Democratic Administration over U. S. Grant Radical rule.

These are facts which the Secretary of the Treasury cannot cover up with all his proverbial cunning. They are too palpable to escape the notice of any but the wilfully blind.

The Lawrence Tribune thinks grapes will be so plentiful this season that they will be sold for two cents a pound.

Rad. Co. Convention.

The radical county convention met at Bellefonte, on Wednesday of last week. Jas. P. Coburn was elected chairman. Col. Wm. Brown had a letter read declining to be a candidate for congress, because Milliken, Wilson and Yocum wanted it. After which followed a lively fight between the bullterriers who championed the different gentlemen named, in which also some admirers of Curtin joined, who thought Andy should be the nominee.

The first resulted—Yocum 41, Wilson 23, Milliken 21.

Second ballot—Yocum 38, Wilson 16, Milliken 23.

Third ballot—Yocum 42, Wilson 16, Milliken 24

Mr Yocum was declared nominated on 3rd ballot, as second choice of the convention, Andy Curtin having been previously decided upon as the first choice.

For Assembly—J. G. Kurtz had 45 votes, and Wm. W. Brown 35, and the nomination of Mr. Kurtz was made unanimous.

A. O. Furst by acclamation for constitutional delegate.

For Sheriff Levi A. Miller had 83, B. D. Brisbin 7, and Geo. Alexander 18. Mr. Miller declared nominated.

For prothonotary Henry Meyer of Miles had 46, D. P. Shope 12, and John E. Murray 9—Mr. Meyer was declared nominated.

For commissioner J. N. Stewart had 5, Henry Keller 4, T. F. Patton 3, John Boozer 3, John I Thompson 31. Mr. Thompson was declared nominated.

Henry Eckenroth was nominated for Register. Andrew Gregg for Recorder. Wm. J. Thompson for Auditor, and Dr. C. P. W. Fisher for Coroner.

A pertinent illustration of the manner in which Grant pays the office-holders, who he depends upon to keep him in office for another term, can be drawn from the First and Second Districts of Texas. In the First district the amount of revenue collected in 1871 was $38,987 27. Cost of collecting the same, $21,000; cost for collecting nearly fifty-four per cent. Amount of revenue collected in the Second district, $29,329 69. Cost of collecting the same, $21,000, or over seventy per cent. When the whole transaction is summoned up it appears that the whole amount collected in the districts named was $67,266 95, out of which the government got $25,256,96, and Grant's officeholders and electioneerers $42,00. This is a fair illustration of the manner in which the people are being robbed in order to re-elect General Grant and perpetuate the San Domingo and New York General Order "Rings," with their thieving dependents. We do not believe the people are willing to pay so heavy a price for another four years of General Grant's administration.

Grant's Beef-Eaters in North Carolina.

The receipts from the four articles still remaining to be taxed of internal revenue in the Seventh District of North Carolina in 1871 were as follows:

From spirits	$16,671.25
From tobacco	2,080.34
From fermented liquors	—
From banks	—
Total collection	$18,751.59

Amount appropriated in 1872–3 for collecting the above was $16,000, which is a fraction over 85 per cent on the collection. Or, in other words, the Treasury receives $2,751.55 and Grant's beef-eaters receive $16,000.

Honest Men, Read!

What the Republicans Say of the Evans Ring Candidate for Governor.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction with the Republican State ticket, viz; Hartranft, by his connection with the Evans swindle, and Allen, Because of his votes for the nine Million steal.—Lancaster Volksfreund.

We regret that as long as Auditor General Hartranft was on the stand before the Evans Investigating Committee he did not tell all he knew concerning the affair.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Your committee have not language sufficiently strong to express their disapprobation of so bold an outrage, or fitting terms in which to characterize those in official position who seek to palliate or excuse the Wrong.—Hon. Jas. Graham.

If they are not disproved [charges against Hartranft] they will be accepted as true by the people. It will not do to make Hartranft our candidate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

They cannot but express their disapprobation of the looseness of official routine that places in the hands of Evans over a million of dollars of valuable assets without requiring from him any security what ever.—Hon. Harry White.

Evans collected $184,168.34 and retained the whole. State officials knew this fact for three years before it became public, and the neglect to report the transaction to the legistature is regarded by us as a gross dereliction of official duty.—Hon. D. N. White.

"For some years past I have been acquainted with J. F. Hartranft, Auditor General of the State of Pennsylvania. I have at various times purchased and sold stocks of different kinds, and carried the same, with money belonging to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which the same J. H. Hartranft han caused to be deposited with this deponent by the State Treasurer." The same witness further declared under oath; "That this deponent did pay to J. F. Hartranft, Auditor General, on the 10th of December, 1870, the sum of $2,700, which sum was derived from profits on purchases of loss an of the Commonwealth and sale of the same to the Sinking Fund, which sale was made on the 29th of April, 1870. That said deponent has also paid to said J. F. Hartranft, various amounts of money for profits arising from stock speculations with money deposited with this deponent by the State Treasurer at the instance of the said Hartranft."—Affidavit of Chas. J. Yerkes.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF PENN'A, HARRISBURG, March, 1867.

"MY DEAR TITIAN: Allow me to introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. Geo. O. Evans. He has a claim of some magnitude that he wishes you to help him in. Put him through as you would me. He understands addition, division and silence. Yours, W. H. KEMBLE,
To Titian J. Coffey, Esq., Washington.

The Geneva Arbitrators will propably award between three and four millions of pounds sterling to the United States.—The latest returns of the elections in Spain show a large Radical majority.—Severe orders against smuggling bave been issued in Cuba.

Gen. Banks delivered a stirring campaign speech at Lynn, Mass.—Two freight trains were wrecked near Philadelphia by the breaking of a bridge.—A woman, age 78, was shot in bed Baltimore.

"Morton put it in." Grant was asked what a certain paragraph meant in his message when this ignoramus of a President said, "I do not know, Morton put it in." Thinking men of all parties, are you not ashamed of such a President? Let us send this ignoramus into private life and put a man in his stead whom Morton cannot stuff.

The Thieves Who Support Grant.

A table of statistics showing the debts of the Southern States before the war, compared with the increased debts of those same States under their present carpet-bag Governments:

	Before the war.	At present.
Alabama	$ 7,945,000	$52,761,917
Arkansas	2,084,179	19,398,000
Florida	370,617	16,797,587
Georgia	2,670,750	42,500,000
Louisiana	11,000,000	40,021,734
Mississippi	None	1,097,431
North Carolina	12,689,345	34,887,464
South Carolina	4,407,008	22,480,516
Texas	2,000,000	14,930,000
Verginia	33,248,141	47,090,806
Total	$76,415,890	$291,626,015

Under Johnson the whole Judiciary system cost the people, in 1867-8 just $723,368, 57.

In 1870, Grant squandered $2,610,352.53 on this branch of the Civil Service.

In 1871, Grant managed to increase this gross waste of the public money up to $3,320,918.98.

Boutwell claims that nearly $300,000,000 of the debt has been paid off by Grant in three years. Admitting this to be so, what credit attaches to Grant? These hundreds of millions certainly didn't come out of his breeches pocket. No part or parcel of it was paid out of the bonds, houses, or money received by him in the form of presents from expectants of Presidential favor. It came from the pockets of the people in the shape of duties and taxes.

This same Boutwell was a member of Congress, and in one of his speeches in the House in June 1868, said that from the 1st of January 1865 to the 1st of January 1868, two years and nine months, we have paid out of the public Treasury *one thousand five hundred and fifty two millions* of money, of which *one thousand and sixty-six millions* were on account of the public debt.

Now, as Andrew Johnson was President during these two years and nine months, it is plain that he paid off $384,000,000 per year—Mr. Boutwell himself being the witness.

We claim no merit for Johnson, nor can any merit be claimed for Grant it is as 100 for Grant to 384 for Johnson.

Organize!

The work of party organization is so important that every possible means for its perfection should be regarded with favor. The political situation in Centre county is exceedingly favorable to Democratic accessions from Republican ranks. The Republicans are almost totally disorganized In vain do they cast about for worthy men to accept party nominations. They do not mean to win, for that is impossible, but they desire to keep their forces together. It is to our advantage to keep the party as it is—indifferent and negligent to party completeness. Hence our organization should be of such a sort as will most likely absord the indifferent element of our opponents. There is still another want to meet. Quite a number of honest Republicans are dissatisfied with the state ticket of their party. It is Democratic gain to have either these Republicans stay away from the polls or vote for Buckalew. What shall we do? Let the Chairman of Centre county have faithful helpers in each township. One man is not sufficient this fall. Would not a committee of young, earnest Democrats in each township with the members of the county committe for chairman, be available for many purposes?

First, the various members could circulate and explain the dishonesty of Hartranft and the Cameron ring.

Do you say everybody knows this. But we have a class of voters in both parties who read little and understand less, willing always to vote right, let a good citizen take the trouble to explain and they may stay from the polls, or, where prejudice is not too deep, even vote for Buckalew.

Second, such member could help bring out the votes. In a large township, too much work is rquired from the committee man. Let his fellow appointees aid him in bringing out votes, use their own vehicles, raise a party fund for the purpose of defraying all necessary expenses, and be active and eager on the day of election.

Still more. Some Democrats still bolt Greeley and Brown. Of course we all expect that November will see them vote for the old white hat. But it is the duty of a live committee to consider such means as are best calculated to bring to our ranks the belters.

Be it remembered that few men can survey the entire political condition of the whole country. Hence, many still can not see why Greeley is our nominee. Their thoughts are wholly confined to Centre county. Here we are successful. Why not in the whole country? Therefore the necessity of enlightenment, by papers, documents and explanatory speeches, falls upon the earnest democrats of our county. Let the friends then of Greeley and Brown deliberate with the "higher powers" how best to reconcile the anti-Greeley men. A good party organization, therefore, ought to embrace such means as will amass in one solid body the dissatisfied Hartranft men and the bolters.

Furthermore let us have better township organizations—more effective and thorough. Don't let the work rest on a few men who seek the "loaves and fishes" of politics, but let a portion fall upon that class of men who are fast becoming disgusted with all parties. Good men ought not to stand back and let a few men control the parties.

We are in the verge of a great political revolution. In it parties may be broken up by the roots and past distinction totally wiped out. So be it. But let the good of all parties see to it that they will help raise a noble structure on their ruins. Let all Democrats, whether heretofore in politics or not, aid in completing a system of party organization with Harry Foster at its head that will absorb and make available all the opposing elements that enter into Centre county politics.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Terrible Disaster.

Watch Hill, R. I., via Stonington Conn., August 30.—The propeller Metis, Captian Burton was wrecked six miles off the shore this morning. A dreadful storm prevailed during the latter part of the night. About 4 o'clock the propeller was struck by a schooner, knocking her bottom. She immediately became filled. The passengers were aroused and the women secured life preservers. In a short time the lower part of the boat went down, five miles from the shore. A large number of the passengers and crew climbed on the upper deck, which parted from the head and floated.

About 40 lives were lost out of 160 on board.

Havana, August 30.—The steamer Bienville left New York on the 10th of August, for Aspinwall. On the morning of the 15th inst., a fire was discovered among the cargo. Steam and water were immediately turned on, but the steam pump after a few revolutions broke down and could not be worked. Captain Maury then ordered the yachts battered down, hoping thereby to smother the fire.

There was powder stored in the hold and at 1:30 p m the Bienvile exploded and immediately sunk.

"The liberties of the country cannot be maintained without a one-term amendment to the Constitution."—Grant in 1868

GRANT'S INTEMPERENCE.

The Cold Water Men Moving.

The Hon. J. T Yarrington, the Rev. C. W. Denison and the Hon: James Black Call Upon Temperance Men to Vote Against Grant.

Rev. Charles Wheeler, Editor of the National Harbinger, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: The time has come for action.

We must have 'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in reference to the moral principles and personal character of our rulers, if it be possible to arrive at correct conclusions, so that temperance men, prohibition voters, who wish to be consistent in all their acts (using the ballot included) may cast their votes for both men and measures who are favorable to the prohibition of the liquor traffic first last, and forever.

If we believe that the temperance question is now the greatest national issue before the American people, we must labor for the culmination of that grand issue in all honorable ways, political as well as moral.

Already are our political opponents in different parts of the country busy at work building up a false character for General Grant on his temperance proclivities, as a nice little bait for catching the votes of temperance men this fall to help re-elect the general as our President for four years more, and thereby detract from our prohibition party vote.

Yes, our republican party friends (?) have been securing the aid of ladies, even, to assist in substantiating the temperance character of our President.

The important question now is, is President Grant a drinking man? Is he intemperate? and does he encourage the tippling customs of society?

We want to know.

Mrs. Mary J. R. Buel, of your city, (Washington, D. C.), says General Grant is not an intemperate man!

And I heard you say on the floor of the Pennsylvania state prohibition convention (held in Fries' hall, at Altoona, Pa., Friday, Jund 14, 1872,), that General Grant was and is an intemperat eman!

Now, which is correct?

Now, my reverend and dear sir, as you are a true, fearless and outspoken temperance man, a loyal prohibitionist, the editor of a national prohibition journal, and a defender of truth and justice, I would respectfully ask that you give to the world, through the columns of your excellent paper, what you know about President Grant's drinking habits,

Let us have the truth.

Yours, fraternally,
J. T. YARRINGTON.

CARBONDALE, Luzerne county, Pa.

Mr. Denison's Reply—The President of the United States is an Intemperate Man.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: I am this morning in receipt of your letter of the 28th inst., asking for the exact truth with regard to the drinking habits of President Grant.

In giving you the information of the facts that are known to exist in this important national matter, allow me to promise that I have always, at all times and in all places, been a friend of our Chief Magistrate.

I was one of the first to advocate his being brought from his command at the west to the front of Richmond.

I wrote a book of his life, known as "The Tanner Boy," which had a wide circulation.

I was extremely anxious to vindicate him on the temperance question, and was glad on his coming to Washington to learn that for one year immediately preceding and connected with his inauguration he almost entirely abstained from the habitual use of strong drink.

It was during this period, and for a short interim succeding, that he was recognized in the manner spoken of by the excellent woman (Mrs. Mary J. R. Buel) to whom you refer in your letter.

But I regret to be under the necessity of informing you that an unfavorable change has come over the personal habits of President Grant in this respect.

I am solemnly bound in honor to say, from the facts of which I have possession, that no consistent temperance man can support him.

It cannot be denied in Washington that he has on several occasions been seen under the influence of liquor. The times and places can be specified if they are demanded. The parties who have seen him in this condition can be produced.

In a conversation last winter with Senator Henry Wilson, that gentleman said to me:

"President Grant drinks too much," and concluded with the remark:

"I have told him so."

Senator, Wilson will not deny this fact.

Many similar facts can be adduced.

A gentleman well and favorably known in Washington, one who has long occupied a public position at the national capital, informs me that on the night immediately following the last great speech of Senator Sumner, two respectable citizens, talking together in Jackson square, encountered President Grant.

He was in a state of intoxication, his hat was slouched over his eyes, he had a lighted cigar in his mouth, and he was staggering along muttering to himself.

The names of all these parties are at command.

Another Washington resident, of unimpeachable veracity, has also informed me within the last ten days, that there is good evidence for stating that the real reason why President Grant made such a hurried exit from the capital for Long Branch, when so much important public business demanded his attention, and when several Senators and Representatives were so bitterly disappointed at not meeting him, according to appointments he himself had made, was this; that he was so much under the influence of liquor that he was not fit for interviews in the Executive Mansion.

Names of responsible parties are at hand who will substantiate this statement.

A scholar of established reputation and high moral character writes, within a short time past, to one of the most distinguished men of the country on this subject of the drinking habits of President Grant. The letter is dated a Cambridge, Mass., and I have been permitted to copy from it the facts that are well known to many, to wit, that the last appearance of President Grant in connection with the exercises of Harvard University was such as to excite a general feeling of anxiety and disgust among all who witnessed it. He was carefully observed by those immediately around him, and the aspects of his inebriety cannot be mistaken.

An old resident of the city of Baltimore, Md., only a few weeks ago accompanied a party of friends to the Presidential mansion, where, on being admitted to audience with President Grant, they found him to be so much under the influence of liquor that they immediately closed the interview and withdrew.

An officer in the civil service, now a permanent inhabitant of Washington, states that during one of his trips on a steamer from New York to the east President Grant was known by several parties to be excited by strong drink to a disgusting extent.

Should any of these facts be denied by respcnsible parties the proof will be produced. I make these statements with sincere regret

I am accountable to my God for the truth of every word.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES W. DENISON,
Editor and proprietor of the National Harbinger, Washington, D. C.

J. T. YARRINGTON, esq., Carbondale, Pa.

Grant's Sayings.

It may interest the Grant men, who are so fond of quoting Greeley, to read what Grant has said. We give specimens below:

"I only voted at one Presidential election, and then I voted for Buchanan."—Grant in 1856.

"There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the general government throughout the portions of the Southern States visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order."—Grant's Report to Congress in 1866.

"I am a democrat, and when I am convinced that this war is waged to prosecute the designs of the abolitionists, I pledge my honor as a soldier that I will carry my sword on the other side, and cast my lot with that people."—Grant in 1863.

The republican convention of Lycoming county has nominated H. W. Watson for congres. The vote stood, Watson 88, A. G. Curtin 64. The Hon. A. G. Curtin's name was used without his knowledge or consent.

The Cholera Raging With Violence—Thousands of Deaths.

LONDON, August 29.—Advices from India received here report that the cholera is raging fiercely at Lahorgong and Meenam. In the former city it has carried off thousands of inhabitants, and the greatest consternation prevails among the people. At Meenam, also, its ravages have been terrible. The authorities are exercising every means to check the progress of the fatal disease.

HEIR'S SALE OF

Real Estate.

Will be exposed to public Sale, on the premises, in Gregg twp., Centre county, on Saturday, September 14th 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of Elizabeth Neese, dec'd., to wit: A VALUABLE FARM and tract of land, situated in said twp., on the public road leading from the forks to Spring Mills, bounded by lands of J. B. Heckman, J. Gentzel, P. Shook and others, containing 225 acres and 135 perches, of which 150 acres are clear and under good cultivation, with good fences; thereon erected TWO MANSION HOUSES, BANK BARN 100 feet long, and all other necessary outbuildings. There is a never-failing spring at the door, and a LARGE ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

TERMS.—Five hundred dollars on confirmation of sale, and one half of the remainder on the 1st of April, next, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by Bond and Mortgage upon the premises.

PETER NEESE, CATHERINE GENTZEL,
WM W NEESE, JAMES NEESE,
aug23 Heirs.

Letters From India.

CENTRE HALL ABROAD.

LETTER No. IV.

Some one has said that London is the political, moral, physical, intellectual, artistic, literary, commercial and social centre of the world. If there is a city in the world, of which all this can be said, it must be London. If one desires to become fully impressed with the extent of English power and civilization, let him take a ride through the kingdom from Liverpool to Dover. But if, laying aside all national prejudice, he wishes to be fully satisfied whether England's claims to preeminence in national culture, and the general development of the arts and sciences, be just, or simply an egotistical national boast, let him go to London. It is beyond all controversy a wonderful city. From whatever land the traveller's feet may have come, whatever of national bigotry a narrow and partisan education may have generated in him, if he be an honest man, he can not stand amid her monuments of arts; her museums, palaces, cathedrals, her hospitals, infirmaries, institutions of mercy; her noble provision for the poor and outcast; her almost numberless societies for the spread of the gospel, whose lives go out through all the world; her wealth and architecural grandeur and withal her vast area and abounding population, without exclaiming "Surely London is the centre of the world." If one can not or will not at all comprehend the meaning of events, as that meaning is made plain by the on rolling years can not fail to see that this "world-centre" is being gradually transferred to that more congenial clime for the development of the race's highest possibilities—the fair young Republic across the Atlantic. But for the present it is in London.

There is one thing that will strike the American traveller, in London, especially if he have not given the subject much thought; the wonderful similarity in manner, dress, appearance, and general demeanor, between the people of England and those of his own country. Truly we are cousins—first cousins in the highest meaning of the word; coming from America you expect to see some difference; some distinctarity in manner or conduct probably; at least, some one thing or other by which you can distinguish them from the people which you have just left on the other side of the Atlantic. But you see none. Indeed if it were not for the British coat of arms which is painted over at least every third shop window and the peculiarly British names on the sign boards, one might walk down Cheapside or Paternoster Row, and easily imagine himself in Broadway N. Y. We are one people; we speak one language, and every true lover of his kind should rejoice with a joy too deep for utterance, that these two great nations, the bulwarks of Christianity, who have done more toward elevating the race and making God's poor children throughout the world happy and contented than all the rest of the world combined, are thus connected by all those ties of kindred lineage and affinity which have power to bind men and nations to each other. May the day be far distant when these two mighty powers shall rise up against each other.

To get anything like an intelligent idea of London requires weeks and months, but there are a few places which can be seen in less time, and which no visitor to London should fail to see; for nowhere else in the world will he find their like in historic interest.

First and formost among these is the British Museum. This splendid national institution, has properly no rival in the world. It was first established in 1754 and for one hundred and twenty years the most enthusiastic naturalists and archaeologists in the world, backed by the national treasury, have been gathering into it from the four corners of the earth about everything that is worth preserving. The collection of antiquities is unrivaled. Here emphatically, the dead past lives again. In the relics of antiquity, mechanical instruments, weapons of war, domestic utensils, statuary inscriptions &c., gathered here we see how men lived, worked and thought back in the very dawn of time. Here may be seen specimens of art and manufacturer belonging to a period as far back as the Exodus of the Israelites, four centuries before the Trojan war. Here may be seen the embalmed bodies of men and women who were cotemporaries of Moses. Just there before you, in serene indifference to your rude gaze, lies Ira-ui, son of Selsol, who for aught we know, may have cracked his joke with Abraham himself; Meu-ka-re, builder of the third pyramid, who little thought when he erected that gigantic mausoleum for himself, that one day sacrilegious Englishmen would burst open his tomb and expose his awkward, shrivelled old mummy to the rude stare of every vulgar lout that wanted to look at him. There lies a former incense bearer in the temple of Chons who about 4000 years ago rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Pachrut-har-naa-ubsh. He is a little fellow, too, to have borne such an unmanageable, long name. In that curiously shaped coffin yonder, covered over with judgment scenes before Osiris and Isis lies Mautumeu, priestess of Amen-re. I am bound to acknowledge that for a lady nearly or quite 4000 years old she is remarkably well preserved. Indeed I have seen ladies much younger than she, who in point of beauty, had very little advantage of her. With the course or manner of her "taking off," I am, of course, unacquainted, but for aught I know, it may have been of a broken heart caused by Joseph's preference for the priest of On's brown-skinned daughter Asenath.

[Letter No. IV will be continued in our next.]

—The discovery of additional "rich silver mines" are reported from San Francisco; this time in Lower California, 200 miles south of the American border.

—The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, are at last "divided." One is for Greeley, and the other for Grant.

—It is reported that the complete census returns of the United States for 1870 give these startling statistics of our population: Men and boys, 19,493,665; women and girls, 19,064,806; surplus of men and boys, 428,859.

The next census will also state the fact that the Lock Haven thick-boot can be had at Batcheller & Co's, No. 5 Bush's arcade.

STEAM SEPARATOR and Shingle Mill for Sale.—The undersigned offers his 10-horse power steam engine and Geyser seperator, and 8-horse power engine and shingle mill, for sale. These machines have only been run two years and are in good order. Terms easy. The undersigned will accompany the purchaser, if desired, to instruct in the use of the same. Apply to

GEO. REESER,
july26.4t Aaronsburg, Pa.

PUMPS!

Wooden Pumps,

AND

PIPING.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Centre county, and Pennsvalley in particular, to the fact that he is manufacturing

THE BEST PUMP,

made at home or elsewhere. He uses none but the best material, as WARRENTS THEM to give satisfaction, as being the most lasting and durable, SUPERIOR TO THE OLD wooden pump, being arranged to let the water off and prevent freezing in winter.

Pine, poplar or cucumber pumps always on hand. His material for pumps is all sawed from large timber, and are thus Secured against Checking or Cracking.

All orders by mail promptly filled.

PIPING, made of the best material, of five inch scantling, joined together with coupling blocks, thoroughly banded, and warranted to stand any pressure required for ordinary use. Prices of piping range from 12 to 18 cents per foot. Send orders to
sept.30.1y J. TELLER,
Milesburg, Pa.

Carriage MANUFACTORY

Centre Hall, Pa.
GEO. B. HARPSTER

Has on had and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both

PLAIN AND FANCY

warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to gine perfect satisfaction. He will also have a fine assortment of

SLEIGHS

of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best materials.

An inspection of his work is asked as it is believed that none superior can be found in the country. aug25.tf.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!

J. & J. HARRIS.
NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW

A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.

Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, WebbSaws, IceCream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, Table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating, Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, House Bells, Dinner Bells, Gong Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paints, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at

june5'68,1y. J. & J. HARRIS.

FURNITURE!

Grand Opening

FOR 1872.

AT

JOHN CAMP'S MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS, of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common.

Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
D. JOHNSON & SONS, Proprietors.
A FIRST CLASS HOTEL, COMFORTABLE ROOMS
PROMPT ATTENDANCE.
ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES—AND REASONABLE Charges.

The proprietors offer to the traveling public, and to their country friends, first class accommodations and careful attention to the wants of guests at all times, at fair rates. Careful hostlers and good stabling for horses. An excellent table well served. A Bar supplied with fine liquors. Servants well trained and everything requisite in a first class Hotel. Our location is in the business part of the town, near the Post Office, the Court House, the Churches, the Banks, and the principal places of business, renders it the most eligible place for those who visit Bellefonte on business or pleasure.

An Omnibus will carry passengers and baggage to and from all trains free of charge.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY Sept. 6, 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

Democratic County Committee.

The following gentlemen have been appointed members of the Democratic County Committee, for the ensuing year.

Bellefonte	N. W.	Galbraith
"	S. W.	John Given
"	W. W. S.	A McQuistion
Milesburg Borough		Jas F Weaver
Howard "		Balser Weber
Phillipsburg "		William Riddles
Unionville "		B F Leathers
Benner Township		Samuel Ishler
Boggs "		Jas I. Neff
Burnside "		Robert Askey
Curtin "		John McClosky
Furguson "		John B Mitchell
Gregg "		John Grove
Haines "		William B Mingle
Half Moon "		William Cross
Harris "		James Gilliland
Howard "		Geo D Johnson, Mt. E.
Huston "		Dan'l Irwin J. A.
Liberty "		Dan'l Bitner
Marion "		Robt F Holmes
Miles "		Harvey Corman
Patton "		G W Rumberger
Penn "		Wm K Alexander
Potter "		Geo Stover
Rush "		Geo McGaffey
Snow Shoe "		B F Hinton
Spring "		Emanuel D Noll
Taylor "		Samuel Hoover
Union "		Aaron R Hall
Walker "		A C Geary
Worth "		E P Jones P. M.

R. H. FORSTER
Chairman.

—We see an article in one of our exchanges, saying that bells on sheep will frighten off dogs.

The candidates for coroner in this county are both brothers and physicians. Dr. P. S. Fisher is the democratic nominee, and Dr. C. P. W. Fisher is the rad nominee.

—By reading Rynders adv., you will see that organs can be bought cheaper of him than elsewhere.

Jno. Foust tells us—and he knows—that every democrat in Miles twp., is for Greeley. Wm. K. Alexander informs us that in Penn twp., Greeley will get the party vote.

Wm. Neff, of this place, is engaged in perfecting a new reaper, the entire weight of which is only 150 pounds. Mr. Neff produced the Keystone reaper, and is quite an inventive genius.

—On 30 and 31 it was quite cool, and a warm stove did not feel unpleasant.

Esq. Haines, of Miles was in our sanctum the other day. He thinks there is no doubt the entire democratic vote of that noble township will be cast for our own nominee for President.

Hon. J. G. Meyers informs us that the entire democratic vote of Haines is good for Greeley, and some radicals too.

Potter Twp. Democratic Club.

We are requested to announce that there will be a meeting of the Democracy of Potter twp., at Centre Hall, on Saturday evening, Sept. 7th, for the purpose of organizing a democratic club for the present campaign. A full turn out of the democracy of the township is desired.

Jer. P. Heckman, in a letter, dated Polo, Ill., Aug 26. says: It is very warm to-day, out here in Ogle it has been so for the past few days, with a thunder gust every once in a while. Corn looks splendid. Greeley-men are rejoicing, while Grant men are making very long faces. I will enclose $2 and pay for the Reporter another year. I can not do without the Reporter, for I think it is the best paper printed east of the Alleghenys, and that's what most all think that get hold of it.

—A letter to the Bloomsburg Republican, dated Freeport, Ill., Aug. 5, contains the following item: "This is the county seat of Stephenson county. A settlement was commenced here in 1835, the village was laid out a few years after. About this time Dr. Thomas Van Valzah, of Lewisburg, traveled through this county and was so pleased with the appearance of it that he raised a colony from Union and Centre counties that settled here, and from that time to the present, there have been settlers coming in from that part of Pennsylvania. Dr. V. built the first mill in the county. He had one run of burrs in use before. He had a bolting cloth run by water power. The bolting was done by hand. The first buckwheat flour was manufactured by grinding, then sifting it with a bobinet screen. These are some of the hardships the first settlers endured. Dr. V. built his mill too soon to be profitable, and meeting with many discouragements, left the country in 1852."

The important murder trial between James A. Lucans, defendant, and the commonwealth, plaintiff, has resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree. It seems that a Mr. Atherton, of Rush twp., on or near the 18th day of April last, got off the train at Sandy Ridge and walked up to a school house in process of building, accompanied by an acquaintance, where Mr. Lucans was at work. It is alleged that Atherton and Lucans had been on unfriendly terms for years. While at the school house Atherton took out paper and pencil and began to write. Lucans thought that he was noting the timber, so as to find fault with him before the township auditors; but the commonwealth allege that he was writing a dispatch to be sent to his daughter. Lucans told him to leave the ground, but Atherton refusing, the former struck him over the face, and kicked him from which he died ten days afterwards.

The defendant's counsel thinking a verdict of murder in the second degree to be contrary to the evidence in the case moved for an arrest of judgement and a new trial.

—A grant has been obtained for a new road from Millheim to the Forks. It will be entirely level and make the distance from the first named place to the railroad about 21 miles. The people of Aaronsburg expect to intersect this by a road starting from the western end of that town, through the "Spruce" to Swartze's Sawmill, when it will strike the new Millheim road, and will also be a level road.

—A young man by the name of Billman, belonging to an engineer corps, started with a horse and buggy from Aaronsburg on last Saturday, to go to Spring Mills; near the white church the breaking of an axle frightened the horse. The young man was thrown from the buggy and severely bruised, the horse took to the pine woods, where he got fast, making a complete wreck of the buggy.

—William T. Meyer has returned from the Binghamton Normal Music School, where he has finished a full course, of instruction in music, under Dr. Wm. Mason, teacher of the piano department, and those well known teachers, Messrs. Seward, Allen and Webb, in the vocal department. He is thoroughly competent to give instruction in vocal and instrumental music, to which he intends devoting himself, and for which he has displayed such a remarkable talent. Parties can address him at Aaronsburg.

—Work is now going on upon the railroad all along the line between the Forks and Mifflinburg, which includes the two tunnels, one at Beaver dam and the other at Paddy's mountain. From the Forks west through the valley to near Linden Hall, the grading is about finished and ready for ballasting. The matter of the Bellefonte branch and Boalsburg, is not yet fully settled.

Matters of History.

Mr. J. B. Linn furnishes the following to the Lewisburg Journal:

In a conversation I had last week with Wm. Gill, aged 87, a resident of Bellefonte, I found out he was a nephew of Wm. Gill, one of the first settlers of Buffalo township. He tells me Wm. Gill, Sr., was a soldier in Forbes' campaign, and from Bucks county. He was wounded when the advance division of Forbes' army was defeated near Fort Duquesne, Sept. 21 1768, and came through the woods with a bullet in his leg, subsisting on nuts and grass until he reached Penn's creek. Here he stopped, and making the acquaintance of a German woman married her and settled. He served as a private in Capt. John Clark's company during the winter of 1776 and 1777, and losing the land he had taken, he moved to Beaver township, Snyder county, where he was residing when one of his sons was drafted in 1812. He could not be spared for some reason, and the old man took him to Sunbury, where the Board met, stated the circumstances, and desired to go as a substitute for him The Board decided that such patriotism should not go unrewarded, and released the son. This reminds me of the case of Philip Rodabaugh, of Buffalo, who served in the revolution, the whiskey insurrection, campaign of 1794, and in Captain Bergstresser's company in the war of 1814, and died Feb. 3, 1837, aged 86 years—the latter is buried in the old German grave yard at Lewisburg. I can just recollect the evolution of the company, and the discharge of the firing party, which sent us youngsters tumbling over the graves, not being aware that shooting was in the programme.

Wm. Gill, the elder, raised a large family. One of his grandsons, Jacob Gill, a soldier of the war of 1812, resides near Bellefonte.

The present Wm. Gill gave me a list from memory as complete as he could make it of the names of Capt. Miller's company of New Berlin, Col. George Weirich's regiment, 1814:

Captain—Henry Miller.
Lieutenant:—John M'Millen.
Sergeant—John Rearick.
Privates—Philip Ruhl, Geo, Slear, Wm. Hassenplug, Wm. Myers, Christ. Spangler, John Rote, J. Foster Wilson, Robert Black, Anthony Kleckner, Thomas Driesbach, John Driesbach, Daniel Spigelmyer, Andrew Cook, Samuel Hassenplug, B. Slough, Adam Specht,—Solomon, of New Berlin, John Moyer Jacob Zimmerman, W. Reichly, John Norman, Benj. Williams, John Gill, Wm. Gill, Abraham Kleckner, John Barber, Isaac Kleckner, George Spangler, Wm. Foster, Wm. Thompson.

Wm Gill removed to Centre county in 1820, but his memory seems to be perfect on matters that occurred in Buffalo valley prior to that. His father lived near Barber's White Springs. He gave me an account of the Indians at French Jacob's Mill, now Heberling's, as he had it from Etzweiler, a brother of the one killed there, corresponding exactly with an account Mr. Philip Pontius gave of it. George Etzweiler, John Foster, Jr., uncle of the late Capt. John Foster, of Mifflinburg, James Chambers and Samuel M'Laughlin were killed. He said Wm. Grenlee, Wm. Fisher and his brother were of the party. They were driven in towards the mill. Etzweiler was shot within sight of the mill. He was a lithe, athletic little fellow, and fought hard, but was killed and scalped, and that Wm. Fisher, as he was running into the mill stepped on a board that tilted with him and as he fell two bullets passed over his head and struck the door joist; but for his fall he would have been a dead man. (Philip Pontius told me when he took down the old mill he carefully preserved the timbers riddled with bullets, and had them put on the new building.) There was but one gun in the mill. Fisher seized it and shot the formost Indian through the neck. He supposed he had killed him; however, if so, the others carried him off. Gill says the dead were brought over to near Penn's creek and buried; that he recollected distinctly of ploughing around their graves, on one of the Barber farms, where a man, killed by falling from a girder in a new barn they were building, was afterwards buried. He stated distinctly that they were not buried at the Lewis grave yard; and to test his recollection, I asked him whether it was not on W. E. Smith's farm. He said no, he recollected that grave yard well. It was on Col. Hartley's place, and the Foxes and Kadermans were buried there.

Which is the fact, as it is part of the Treaster tract, owned afterwards by Col. Hartley. I think it must be on the old Samuel Barber place adjoining Emanuel Walter. He told me he was at Capt. John Lowdon's vendue in 1797; helped drive away the sheep that were sold; that his father, Isaac Gill, dug Joseph Green's (father of the late Gen. Abbot Green) grave in Lewis church yard in the spring of 1802, and that New Berlin was laid out in 1791, and Martin Treaster built the three first houses built there.

I have for a long time tried to find out where the old Michael Treaster settlement was; The path to Treaster's from John Lee's (Winfield) is mentioned among the first surveys; Mr Gill says it was at the mouth of Tuscarora creek, now in Jackson township, Snyder county, about two miles above New Berlin. It was last owned by Schroyer's. He says the first mill at Seebold's, above New Berlin, was built by James Watson—he built the saw mill 1782, and the grist mill in 1786. That the David Smith mill alluded to in old papers as 1780, was purchased by Barber and Heise of David Smith, and they built a new one. That Barber's little mill at White Springs was built in latter times by Col. George Weirick for Mr. Barber.

The Committee on Permanent certificates met at Centre Hall on Saturday, Aug. 31st for the purpose of receiving applicants for certificates of that degree.

Miss Sophie Keller, Prof. H. Meyer and W. Tobias were in attendance. But no applicants being present, the committee, after a pleasant interchange of professional greetings adjourned, *sine die*.

LECTURE.—Prof. Horne, of the State Normal, at Kutztown, lectured before the Centre Co. Normal, at this place, on last Tuesday evening. The learned gentleman's subject was, "The Miracles in Nature," upon which he dwelt 1½ hours, we, together with the rest of the audience, giving him our undivided attention, first, because he has the merit of plainness in his language to make him understood by the most unlearned, and, second, because the subject was a beautiful one, and was handled by the speaker in manner to arrest attention. He referred to the astonishing and wonderful occurrences constantly produced by the laws of Nature at the command of God and the miraculous results produced by men as agents of God, many of which are to us utterly incomprehensible although occurring and re-curring for ages. The little seeds of the aster, in which none can observe that they vary in the least one from the other, we sow them, the one produces a flower of one color, the other of another and thus through the vocabulary of colors. The seeds of other flowers produce, some only one color all the time, some two, others three. How is this done? The speaker said these were miracles, and that the days of miracles did not end with the days of the Saviour upon earth, but are now, and would continue unto the great day of Resurrection. Thus much more of the miraculous in Nature was cited. Christ with five loaves and two fishes fed the five thousand, and there were twelve baskets full left, that was a wonderful miracle, but said the speaker, there is a more stupendous miracle performed every year in these United States, in the production of hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, which, repeated the speaker, was "a more stupendous miracle" performed by man in the hands of God than the wonderful miracle of the feeding of the multitude. Here we beg leave to criticise the professor's lecture. We draw a distinction between the miracles worked by Christ and what we will allow to be termed the "miracles" or the "Miraculous in Nature." Strictly defined, we take a miracle to be something supernatural and in opposition to the established laws of Nature, while the wonderful workings of Nature which we behold every day are in perfect accord with nature's law, therefore not supernatural, hence cannot be "more stupendous" than the supernatural performed by Christ.

The learned gentleman can perform a part of what belongs to Christ's miracle of feeding the multitude: he can collect the multitude of five thousand, he can produce five loaves and two fishes, and he can feed a dozen of the multitude therewith, and then his provisions running out, there would remain 4888 hungry stomachs and twelve empty baskets, and here the professor would have to stop, or replenish his commissary, all, thus far, nicely in accord with "the miraculous in nature." And then the other mirarle: raising the grain, he can perform that entire; it is wonderful too; but God enables us to do it by following the established laws of Nature, but none of these laws will enable the professor to feed five thousand on five loaves and two fishes, and were he ever to undertake it, there would be danger of a bread riot.

The professor made many other illustrations which were interesting and instructive, and we should listen to him again with pleasure.

For the Reporter.

LOOP, Aug. 31st, 1872.

Before giving you my opinion of Michigan, I must tell you of my chicken hunt on the prairie.

Hiram and I thought we would try our luck at shooting prairie chickens "on the wing." He shot three in a very short time. I missed the first one. The second one I hit at the same place I missed the first one and the third one I shot at didn't stop worth a cent. But to make matters look well, Hiram quit laughing at me, and gave me his three chickens. I fastened them to the saddle and rode towards head quarters, that is, to uncle Davy's. As I passed other hunters, who had no game, they seemed to envy me but I never told them that Hiram shot all the game I had. I was quite liberal though, I stopped at Dan's by the way and gave him one. I then had two left with which I intended to surprise them at head quarters. It was dark when I got there. I laid the saddle and game by the barn, until I put my horse in the field. In the meantime two porcine rascals took my chickens and did not leave a feather, as evidence that I had any game at all.

The cracking of the bones as he gulped them down amused "Jake" wonderfully, and he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "That will be a joke for the Reporter." I would not have told you, Fred, but the boys threatened to tell you and I thought my own account of it would suit me better than theirs. I left Joliet on the 10th, returned to Lena, on the 16th, and arrived at Niles, Michigan, on the 17th. Took dinner with Mr. Durst at Berrien, by the way he treated me kindly, he will do the same with any of his friends from the Loop who chance to visit him. In company with A. K. Stemm, I went to St. Joseph, a beautiful town on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan.

I felt like making my home there, just as I did in Dubuque. From this point you have a fine view of the Lake, Benton Harbor, &c. The citizens are an enterprising, industrious and social people. One of the finest school buildings in the Northwest is nearly completed—another evidence, of which we see so many, that the western people are alive to the interests of their children.

I do not think their school system quite so good nor their school laws so rigidly and strictly carried out as ours, but they seem to take a greater interest in the education and social cultivation of the masses than we, and even if their system of instruction does not seem to be so good as ours, in many things they surpass us exceedingly. And if they ascend the hill of science as rapidly under their system as we, why not lay aside our prejudices and admit that there are other systems as good as ours and less expensive.

The vicinity of St. Joseph is perhaps one of the greatest fruit countries in the world. I may be mistaken, but I will risk the assertion, for how could there be any, better when the whole country is literally a fruit garden save that which is still in timber. I cannot give you any idea of the amount of fruit of nearly every description that is shipped daily from St. Joseph to Chicago and other points. If I were to tell you of half the amount of fruit in the different orchards you would think I had overrated it.

In my estimation Michigan is destined to become one of the wealthiest states. She has an immense amount of timber, and, as she borders on states which have comparatively no timber, there will soon be a ready market for all she can furnish. Add to this her mineral resources and the fact that she will be one of the best wheat producing states in the Union. Many of the farmers work hard. Their land is hard to clear on account of the heavy timber, and, consequently, they have many stumps to contend with but these do not last long. All who went to Michigan from this country are doing well, so have those that have gone to Illinois, but the "Michiganders," as Joseph Billings calls them, make rather a better percentage on the money invested than the Illinoisans. This is owing to the amount of wheat they raise per acre, fruit, and the high prices they realize for their timber. This, however, is often overbalanced by the Illinoisans who have better facilities for raising stock. Taking it in all there is but very little difference in the advantages offered by those two states over some of the others. I would prefer living on the prairie for my part, but could make my home in Michigan and feel content.

In former letters I told you of "drawbacks" on certain localities and it would be unjust not to do so in this case. There is rather much hard labor in Michigan until the land is ready for the plow. In places there are too many marshes and, the rule, not the exception, is "Quinine is the staff of life." A favorite salutation is "Hello, friend, been having the ague?" No, only a little bilious, that's all." One of my friends there, was hailed quite freeley in this way but he "weathered the storm."

We often hear persons here say that there are many in the west who would return if they could. This is not true. Every man who left the Loop and settled in the west is able pecuniarily to return but with one exception they have no desire to make their homes here. I speak only of those who left the Loop and vicinity. Others may speak for themselves upon this subject. The exception I spoke of is our old friend the hunter and fisherman, who, since he left the Loop, has earned for himself a good home at Rock Grove, and has money left. But there are no deer there for him to bring down by dint of his unerring aim. Stay, Aaron, stay in the west. I would not like your locality as well well as some others, but you have done well. Take a friend's advice for you will not be content here.

As I said before, any one who is well situated in one of our fertile vallies should be satisfied. This is perhaps, as good as any county and for many years in succession, the husbandman has been rewarded by a bountiful harvest, "excepting this" year. But, to purchase a home here requires a fortune. In a few years it will be just so in the west.

Your old friend Stemm, is well situated in Michigan, ditto Dr. Wm. Reiber, who has a very extensive practice and appears to have the confidence of all his patrons. He is destined to be a wealthy man.

My homeward trip through Canada was a pleasant one. I stopped off five hours at the Falls of Niagara, butwill give you an account of my investigations there in my next. I would advise all who wish to go west or come east, and desire to see the Falls to buy tickets via North Central, Erie, Great Western, Michigan Central, and Chicago and Iowa railways as the fare is as low as by any other route and the accommodation better. I told you in a former letter that Dubuque and Lena can boast of having the prettiest girls of any western town. I felt like taking part of that back when I came to Mich., but it is too late now. Centre Hall seems to be alive with school misses, but since our worthy friend Magee is no longer in the line of Bachelors, he will not allow them to look at a man long enough to see whether they compare favorably with the western girls or not. Reuben, be a little more magnanimous. Remember your trip to Tadpole. TUSSEY.

For the Centre Reporter.

How is that for "High?"
The town-hall
Of Penn Hall
Was too small
To contain the people all

that turned out to the triple-blind-concert, on Saturday evening, the 31st ult. The Musical entertainment was good, especially the vocal part which consisted of side-spliting songs among which, were the "Cork Leg" the "Cuckoo" and something about "Billy Button," but the one that effected us most, at least our laughing organs, was the concluding piece, entitled "Let's all join in the merry laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha ha ha," and so on like a circulating decimal. After the dense crowd had dispersed, the merry ha ha ha, could be heard echoing and reechoing from mountain to mountain; and even at the dead hour of midnight, when slumber was disturbed by the groan of the "Katydid" and the awful voice of that midnight torment, the rooster, the sound of "ha—ha—ha" fell upon our ear, coming from the lips of our "gay" boys who were just returning from courting their sweethearts. That awful ha ha ha, had a powerful effect and even now as we sit silently in the school room, musing and pondering, imagination tells us that "ha, ha, ha" still lives and is ringing thro' our auditory at full speed. Long life and success to "ha, ha, ha" and the triple-blind musical band. PEA JAY.

EDITOR REPORTER:—A tub race came off at Spring Mills, at 3 p. m., August, 31st. Quite a number of people—variously estimated at from four to six hundred gathered to witness the affair. Three cash prizes, one of $10, one of $7, and one of $5 were alletted. The competitors were ignorant of which apple would draw the highest prize, which made it all the more exciting to them. The contestants for the 1st apple were, W D Duncan, Jas Cheynoweth, Wm Walters, Daniel Kennelly and Jas Kennelly. Prize, $7 taken by James Kennelly. For 2nd apple, Jas. Cheynoweth, Wm. Walters and D. W. Duncan. Prize $10, taken by Jas. Cheynowoth; for 3rd apple Dan'l Kenelly, Wm Walters and D W Duncan; the contest being very close, the excitement now became intense, and as the contestants drew near the line, the suspense almost breathless, when D W Duncan made a leap and seized the courted prize amidst cheer upon cheer from an appreciative audience.

Yours, Y.

A Singular Case.

About two weeks ago a young man named Robert Proudfoot, of Milesburg, son of Hon. J. S. Proudfoot, while employed on the Bellefonte & Snow-Shoe railroad, received slight wounds on two of the middle fingers of his left hand while coupling cars. A physician was called who prescribed chloride of potassium and carbolic acid as a wash for the fresh wounds and two days after the young man died. The wounds were so very slight that his friends had no apprehension of anything like a fatal result until it was too late.

The deceased was about 24 years of age and highly esteemed by all who knew him. His funeral was largely attended—all of the railroad employees being present in a body.

DEATHS

On 22rd ult. at Berrien Springs, Mich., Mr. Geo. M. Boal, formerly of Potter twp.

On the 24 inst., in Spring twp., Mrs. Isabilla, wife of Alexander Dunlap, aged 85 years, 10 months and 2 days.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, D. W. Woodring, High Sheriff of Centre county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on TUESDAY the 8th day of OCTOBER, 1872, for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, viz:

One person for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of Auditor General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Three persons to represent the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives of the United States.

One person to represent the countys of Centre, Clinton, Lycoming, Tioga and Potter, in the House of Representatives of the United States.

Twenty eight persons to represent the State at Large in the Constitutional Convention.

Three persons to represent the counties of Centre, Huntingdon, Mifflin and Juniata in the Constitutional Convention.

One person to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representative.

One person for the office of Sheriff of Centre county.

One person for the office of Prothonotary, and clerk of Oyer and Terminer of Centre county.

One person for the office of Register and Clerk of Orphans court of Centre county.

One persons for the office of Recorder of the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Auditor of Centre county.

One person for the office of Coroner of Centre county.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A two-story house, and two lots, with new stable thereon, favorably situated in Centre Hall are offered at private sale. There is a good orchard on one of the lots. For further particulars apply to

J. K. RUNKLE,
aug30.3t. Centre Hill

ESTRAY.—Thirty-four sheep belonging to the undersigned, strayed from his premises, about four weeks ago. They are all marked on the left ear, which is tipped off in a half-circle; one carries a bell, and one is black. Persons giving information of the whereabouts of these sheep, will be duly rewarded for their trouble.

CHR. GINGERICH.
30 aug 3t. Linden Hall, Pa.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations not already past, will be held as follows: commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., at which time the Secretary will be expected to have the class organized and in readiness, so as to cause no delay. Applicants for schools will be required to attend the examination in the district where they expect to teach, unless they procure a written request to the contrary from the proper board of directors. All should be provided with paper, pen and ink.

Howard Boro—Saturday, Aug. 31.
Harris—Boalsburg, Saturday, Sept. 7
Gregg—Penn Hall, Wednesday, 11,
Penn—Millheim—Thursday, Sept. 12
Haines—Aaronsburg, Friday, 13
Miles—Rebersburg, Saturday, 14
Potter—Centre Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, 18th and 19
Furguson—Pine Grove Mills, Wednesday, 25
Halfmoon—Stormstown, Thursday, 26
Patton—Waddle's school-house, Friday 27th
Benner—Armagast's school-house, Saturday, 28th
Snow Shoe and Burnside—Askey's school-house, Monday, 30th 1 p. m.,
Walker—Hublersburg, Friday, Oct. 4
Marion—Jacksonville, Saturday, 5
Spring—Valentine's school-house, Monday, 7
Taylor & Worth—Port Matilda, Wednesday, 9
Huston—Julian Furnace, Thursday, 10
Union—Unionville, Friday, 11.
Milesburg and Bogge—Milesburg, Monday, 14.
Howard and Curtin—Howard, Tuesday 15.
Liberty—Eaglevile, Wednesday, 16th.

Persons intending to teach will please not ask for private examinations.

R. M. MAGEE,
County Supt.
Centre Hall, Aug. 24.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

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Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted,

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19,tf.

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With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES. you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.
B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

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WE OFFER FOR SALE the following list of UNEXCEPTIONABLE AND RELIABLE FERTILIZERS:

PURE GROUND BONE,
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BONE DUST,
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They are the Great Generators and Nourishers of CORN, OATS, GRASS, WHEAT, and other crops.

BEING QUICK, PERMANENT, ECONOMICAL!

It Saves Labor!
It Prevents Weeds!
It Increases the Yield!
It Restores the Land!

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,
july19 2m. Bellefonte, Centre Co.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

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(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

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CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

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tf. June R. F. RANKIN & CO

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

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CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
2aug.y. PECK & LEE.

Beautiful Toilet Setts,
Chamber Pails, &c.,
For sale by
apr26. tf. WM'S M'MANIGAL.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,65, Red 160....Rye.....
75.....Corn 60 .....Oats 40.....Barley 60.
70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45,
Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09
Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton
$14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50.....
Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350.....
Salt 2 50 per sack,.....
Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

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PAIN CURE OIL
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"
FOR
Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

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For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
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Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a strong ammonia preparation but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS,
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Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

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Magnificent Stock of New Goods.

Come and get Bargains. Assortment full and complete.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

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LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.

GRAINING Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c

Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters.
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The new Improved American Button-Hole Overseaming and Complete Sewing Machine—The greatest machine of the Age!

Simplicity, Durability & Cheapness Combined.

This machine being the litest, has many improvements over all other, in a word, it is a perfect machine, which is acknowledged by the best judges and agents of all other machines.

Call on A. L. Bartges, madisonburg, who is the authorized agent for Centre county. Also keeps the best Sewing Machine thread, needles, and repairs all kinds of sewing machines, clocks, watches, music boxes &c. I will thoroughly canvass the section belonging to me, and I shall be very much pleased to sell every person a machine, on easy terms; give it a trial before purchasing any other—it has no equal. Parties wishing the machine, will please address the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to. A. L. BARTGES,
Agent for Centre County.
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Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes,
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RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments of Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octave Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

LEMONT.

DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ..... $375.00
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AARONSBURG.

WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ..... $240.00

BOALSBURG.

MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion..... $130.00

In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

Address,

***RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,* Lock Haven, Pa.**

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,

is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,

CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C., &C.,

at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!

FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!

ASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
apr.19tf. C. D. KELLER

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

COAL,

LIME,

and POWDER!

COAL.—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime

Love.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heavens have their stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart,
And brighter than pearls or stars
Sparkles and glows my love.

Thou youthful little maiden,
Come to my mighty heart;
My heart and the sea and the heavens
Are melting away with love.

Farm, Garden and Household.

WHEAT ON STUBBLE LAND.—A large and increasing breadth of winter-wheat is now sown after barley, oats, peas, or beans. Whether it is best to plow such land once or twice depends on circumstances. As a rule, we think it best on rather heavy soil, to plow twice—once immediately after the crop is gathered, and again just previous to sowing. On light sandy land we should harrow the stubble, or cultivate it to start the weeds and fallen grain, and plow as soon as they had germinated. Then harrow and keep the surface clean and mellow by the use of the cultivator until it was time to sow.

COWS.—During the hot weather in August, says the *Agriculturist*, the flow of milk is apt to fall off considerably, and it is difficult afterwards to bring it up again. Bran and sprout-feed are unusually cheap, and can be used to great advantage. Our own plan is to keep a large trough of water in the yard, and mix as much mill-feed with the water every day as the cows will drink. It pays in the manure, in the increase of milk, and in the improved condition of the cows. If you have any green corn now is the time to feed it liberally. If very succulent, let it wilt a little, and if very large and coarse, and consequently rather deficient in nutriment, let the cows have enough corn-meal to make the fodder as nutritious as the best pasture grass.

KEEPING BEES.—It is by no means impossible to keep bees in villages or even cities, if one owns a moderately large garden. Many persons are deterred from keeping bees in such close quarters from the fear of being stung. Now, be it known that bees never sting if care is taken to handle them gently in the various manipulations that may be necessary. It is rough handling that finally gets them into the habit of flying at every one who comes near. They should never be disturbed until you have caused them to fill themselves with honey; then they may be handled with impunity, if care is used not to hurt them. There are no better forage grounds than city and village gardens, with their profusion of flowers and the out lots covered with various wild flowering plants. Any one who has a place where the bees may be shaded in summer, may keep bees; indeed, some villagers keep swarms by scores, and reap profit thereby. Once accustomed to them, any lady may handle them without fear, and a nice plate of comb honey now and then is by no means to be despised, and is positively enjoyable when it is produced under our own care.

PASTURING PIGS.—The chief dependence in fattening pork, says *The Rural World*, should be on good pasturage. Clover pasturage is considered the best, but all kinds of pasturage are relished by swine, and they thrive on it as readily as other stock. It is not economical to keep hogs up in pens and yards and feed them by hand every monthful they eat: they should have pastures just as cattle or sheep or horses. They must be taught to take care of themselves, and they will gladly do it if the pasture is good and supplied with water. An acre or two of corn to each head is, however, highly advisable. In fattening hogs a great deal of unnecessary labor is given. Instead of going to the fields and gathering, husking, and hauling the corn to hogs in the pens and yards, they should be made to do their own harvesting and to feed themselves. Portable or movable fences should be ready on any farm to partition off such portion of the corn field as the owner thinks can be most profitably used by the hogs. In this the hogs are turned as soon as the corn is glazed, and then they will take care of themselves. Many think a great deal of waste will thus occur, but such is not the case—the hogs will waste very little. They soon learn to knock down only what they want to eat, and they will pick up the grain clean. The stock hogs can afterward be turned in so that everything can be saved.

SOME HINTS.—Says Mr. Harris: I have generally aimed to sow wheat from the 10th to the 15th of September; and in ordinary years, on good land, this is the best time, but this season as a rule, the early sown wheat is the best. And drilled wheat is very decidedly better than that sown broadcast. I have never been an enthusiastic advocate of drilling. I have seen wheat sown broadcast just as good as that with a drill. But few will claim that broadcast wheat is ever better than drilled. And so, if every few years we have a season in which drilled wheat is decidedly the best, and never one in which it is worst, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to drill in the wheat.

The lesson that we, as farmers, have to learn is not to be discouraged, but to keep on the even tenor of our ways, studying how to improve our farms, to cheapen the cost of production, to raise such crops and keep such stock as are adapted to our soils and situations, to sell when we can get reasonable prices, and be content with fair profits, and not rush into every new thing that for the time being is bringing an extravagant price.

Mr. Bowles says he has drained some of his swamp land with tiles, three feet deep, and the underdrains three rods apart, at a cost of $31 per acre, reckoning labor at $1.75 per day of ten hours. "My swamp land," says Mr. B., "used to grow only smart weed. The first year after it was underdrained it grew about 25 bushels (68 lbs. of ears) of corn per acre. The next year it grew 80 bushels of corn per acre. The next year (1871) 85 bushels per acre. It is now in corn again." Is not that better than letting it produce smart-weed and fever and ague?

I know of no crop, unless it is cotton, that affords such a splendid opportunity of cleaning land as our magnificent cereal, Indian corn. And I have no little pleasure in witnessing the avidity with which all good farmers avail themselves of this chance to kill the weeds. I have always said that it will not be many years before the best farming in the world will be found on this continent, the more thorough cultivation of the land while in corn will do much to hasten that result.

THE FASHIONS.—A fashion journal says the effort to banish polonaises will fail. These garments are so easily made, so graceful, so convenient and comfortable, that ladies will not willingly relinquish them. The fancy for shirts ruffled to the waist behind, and worn with an apron front and basque, will bring into favor the polonaise lately introduced by Worth, in which the basque and apron are combined. This garment descends to the knee in front, is sloped sharply upward on the sides, and has merely a short basque behind, dispensing with the long back breadths now used. A fully ruffled skirt is worn with this, and is well displayed on the sides and back, making a very dressy costume. Plainer suits will have the simple stylish readiguote defined by Madame Raymond to be a "polonaise without drapery." These over dresses are being made at the furnishing houses. They have two or three collars laid one above the other, like those on the greatcoats worn by our grandfathers. The lowest collar is large enough to be called a cape. A model costume is of gray and blue cashmere; the body of the redingote is gray; the collars, cuffs, border, and large buttons are deep sapphire blue. Two buttons define the waist behind.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that where cattle are enticed by the dripping of water from a railroad tank, and are thereby brought upon a railroad track, and while there injured, the railroad company is liable.

Real Mosquitoes.

As we were journeying along the Dakota prairies says a letter writer, the last hour of daylight overtook us, bringing with it a scene of magical beauty. * * As soon as the sun had dipped beneath the sea of verdure an ominous sound caused me to gallop on with increasing haste. The pony seemed to know the significance of that sound much better than its rider. He no longer lagged nor needed the spur or whip to urge him to faster exertion, for darker and denser than on the previous night there rose around us vast numbers of mosquitoes—choking masses of biting insects, no mere cloud thicker and denser in one place than in another, but one huge wall of never-ending insects, filling nostrils, ears and eyes. Where they came from I cannot tell; the prairie seemed too small to hold them; the air too limited to yield them space. I had seen many vast accumulations of insect life in lands old and new, but never anything that approached to this mountain of mosquitoes on the prairies of Dakota. To say that they covered the coat of the horse I rode would be to give but a fain idea of their numbers; they were literally six or eight deep upon his skin, and with a single sweep of the hand one could crush myriads from his neck. Their hum seemed to be in all things around. To ride for it was the sole resource. Darkness came quickly down, but the track knew no turn, and for seven miles I kept the pony at a gallop, my face, hands and neck cut and bleeding. At last in the gloom I saw, down in what appeared to be the bottom of a valley, a long white wooden building with lights showing out through the windows. Riding quickly down this valley we reached, followed by hosts of winged pursuers, the edge of some water lying amid tree-covered banks. The water was the Red River, and the white wooden steam-boat building the steamboat International. * * It took us but little time to rush over the gangway and seek safety from the pursuers within the precints of the steam boat, but they were not to be baffled easily; they came in after us in millions; like Bishop Haddo's rats, they came "in at the windows and in at the doors," until in a very short space of time the interior of the boat became perfectly black with insects. Attracted by the light, they flocked into the saloon, covering walls and ceiling in one dark mass. We attempted supper, but had to give it up. They got into the coffee, they stuck fast in the soft, melting butter, until at length, feverish, bitten, bleeding, and hungry. I sought refuge beneath the gauze curtains in my cabin and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion."

ADVICE TO TRAVELERS.—Well, says a foreign correspondent, I give this bit of personal experience for the sake of giving a piece of good advice, or rather for giving it force. French landlords are now going upon the principal of the Arkansas Boniface, who charged $340 for a breakfast. His ordinary price was $1 a day, but as it had been nearly a year since he had had a call, he had to keep up the expenses of his hotel. The best way for travelers coming abroad this season or next, is to be in a measure independent of these people. Buy in London a good English luncheon-basket, which is both elegant and easy to carry, and fill it in the cities. Every one wants to see Fontainebleau, Saint Germain, Saint Cloud, and other historical places, but no one cares to see them at the cost of fifteen to twenty dollars a head. One dollar will fill your lunch-basket in Paris, and by taking an early train you can reach Fontai bleau in time to see the most remarkable part of the forest before the palace is opened. Picnic in the woods—and there are lovely spots for it—visit the palace at 12, then go to the other side of the forest, and take the evening train back to the city. In this way every thing of note can be seen, and one returns without having the unpleasant sensation of being robbed. Most Englishmen do this now, and it is for this reason that the "expense of the hotels" have to be put upon Americans and such stray French travelers as can be caught. If those Americans who are coming to France this season will profit by this bit of advice, I shall have done them good service on the score of morality—for bad language is said to be immoral—and shall have saved him a snug sum in gold.

A PARIS EXECUTION.—The following strange story is told of an execution of communists in Paris: The condemned alighted without evincing any emotion and marched firmly to their respective posts. They all asked not to have their eyes covered and not to be attached; but this favor was refused in consequence of the bad way in which the soldiers fired at the preceding execution. François for a short time opposed the men ordered to bind him, and altogether behaved with an energy which those who saw him on his trial would never have given him the credit of possessing. Abbe Follet having embraced the prisoners and withdrawn, François, Dalivous, and Aubrey raised a feverish cry of "Vive la Commune!" upon which Saint Omer turned round to his companions in misfortune, and said, "No, no! vive la France! Dieu protege la France! A bas la Commune!"

At this moment the adjutants dropped their swords and a noise like the roll of a mitrailleuse tore the air; the men who had cried "vive la Commune" fell stone dead; but as for Saint Omer, he remained standing motionless at his post, and it was supposed for a moment that he had escaped unscathed. On examination, however, it was found that his chest was riddled with bullets, and that one ball had passed through his neck. Death had been instantaneous, but the body had reserved the rigidity of a man nerving himself against his fate. The troops then defiled, drums beating and bugles sounding, and thus terminated another scene in the sanguinary drama of the insurrection.

HOT.—Midsummer heat is often severe even in the northern cities. But let us not complain when we remember that in Thibet, in Central Asia, the intense heat often reaches 150° in the day time, while at night it is really cold. In Senegal, Africa, on the Island of Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, and in the Great Desert of Sahara, the temperature often rises to 130°. The plagues and pestilence of Persia are engendered by an atmosphere heated to 125°, while in Calcutta and in Central America the mercury reaches 120°. Some of the interior valleys of California have a maximum temperature of 110°, and in some parts of Utah Territory 105° is the midsummer heat. The extreme summer heat in Montreal is often 103°—as high as that of the deserts of Arabia. The summer limit in New York State is 102°; the scale goes downward till we come to bleak Nova Zembla, where, in midsummer days, the mercury does not rise above 34°.

TO OBTAIN WATER FROM GREAT DEPTHS.—An apparatus has been recently devised in Germany for obtaining specimens of water at any desired depth of the ocean. A strong, heavy vessel, entirely closed and empty, has a valve through which water may be admitted, but which is only put in motion by means of powerful electro-magnets connected therewith. These magnets are also connected with a wire which accompanies the rope, by means of which the apparatus is lowered from the hip. When the empty vessel, which is in fact a plummet, has reached the required depth, an electric current is sent from the battery on shipboard to the coils below; the magnetism thus generated opens the valves, and the vessel is filled and ready to be drawn up.

A discontented European traveller who lately arrived home, says he don't like the German spas—he can make soapsuds and strain them, and have the same thing; the ruined places may be pretty, but they are "darned uncomfortable," and he takes "more stock in New York" than all European cities put together. He would be a good man to write a book of foreign travels—it is the fashion with foreigners here to do it, and the one would probably be as truthful as the other.

INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.—"That is a portrait of dear papa, before he wore a beard and moustache, you know." "Indeed! How very lovely your mama must have been!"

Caught by a Boa Constrictor.

After breakfast we started for the lagoon. We had set our hearts on seeing Manatis—"sea-cows"—which are still not uncommon on the east coast of Trinidad, though they have been exterminated through the rest of the West Indies since the days of the Pere Labat. That good missionary speaks of them in his delightful journal as already rare in the year 1695; and now, as far as I am aware, none are to be found north of Trinidad and the Spanish Main, save a few round Cuba and Jamaica. We were anxious, too, to see, if not to get, a boa-constrictor of one kind or other; for there are two kinds in the island, which may be seen alive at the Zoological Gardens in the same cage. The true boa, which is here called Mahajuel, is striped as well as spotted with two patterns, one over the other. The Huillia, Anaconda, or Waterboa, bears only a few large round spots. Both are fond of the water, the Huillia living almost entirely in it; both grow to a very large size and both are dangerous—at least to children and small animals. That there were Huillias about the place, possibly within fifty yards of the house, there was no doubt. One of our party had seen with his own eyes one of seven-and twenty feet long killed, with a whole kid inside it, only a few miles off. The brown policeman, crossing an arm of the Guanapo only a month or two before, had been frightened by meeting one in the ford, which his excited imagination magnified so much that its head was on the one bank while its tail was on the other—a measurement which must, I think, be divided at least by three. But in the very spot in which we stood, some four years since happened what might have been a painful tragedy. Four young ladies, whose names were mentioned to me, proposed, not wisely, a bathe in the still lagoon to one in the surf outside; and as they disported themselves, one of them felt herself seized from behind. Fancying that one of her sisters was playing tricks, she called out to her to let her alone; and looking up, saw, to her astonishment, her three sisters sitting on the bank, and herself alone. She looked back and shrieked for help, and only just in time, for the Huillia had her. The other three girls, to their honor, dashed in to her assistance. The brute had luckily got hold, not of her poor little body, but of her bathing-dress, and held on stupidly. The girls pulled; the bathing dress, which was luckily of thin cotton, was torn off; the Huillia slid back again with it in his mouth into the dark labyrinth of the mangrove roots, and the girl was saved. Two minutes' delay, and his coils would have been around her, and all would have been over.—*Kingley's West Indies.*

HOW CHEAP BUTTER IS MANUFACTURED.—Those who eat butter, ought, in justice to themselves and their families, to read a letter which appears in the Manchester Guardian from "One experienced in butter," giving some interesting details in regard to that article. The writer says that he has been a confectioner from eighteen to twenty years, both as an employee and as an employer: "I have (he continues) used from the highest to the lowest quality of butter, and fully proved that some of the low, yet not the lowest, priced butter was nothing more or less than grease from horses' bones out of a knacker's yard, colored and tasted by drugs mixed in. This is the way I found it out. Using a deal of cheap butter, I thought I would buy this first hand, and by inquiries, traced its manufacture, and after a carouse of glasses, offering to find capital to join in the manufacture of this article, we had partly drawn up articles of terms. I wished to have some idea of profit returns, when I was informed it was stewed out of horses' and other bones, the cost of which was 2d. per lb. and sold at 8d. or 9d. per lb. Confectioners are obliged to taste butter before using it to ascertain which article the quality of butter is fitted to be made up into, and upon tasting some butter I have heaved at the stomach and spit about the place for hours after. I have tested the adulteration of butters in various ways, also lards, and have found them heavily adulterated, with farina, flour, also what is called shodda, and with white India meal boiled, and white mineral substances; and have found lard most impudently laden with ground rice. Time forbids, or I could further disclose upon this dirty butter traffic." Perhaps some day, when this gentleman finds a little leisure, he will favor the world with a few more pleasant disclosures.

LONDON MILK.—London does not seem to have any better luck, than New York in the milk question. A report was made to the Poor Law Board of England, by Mr. F. W Russell, superintendent of Admiralty Contracts in London, on the supply of provisions for the workhouse of the metropolis. Fifty-seven samples of milk so supplied were examined by the most trustworthy processes, and showed the following results: Only two samples came under the designation "best unskimmed milk;" eight were possibly neither skimmed nor watered, but simply rather poor by nature—that is to say, poor as yielded by the cow: the remainder were either skimmed or watered, or both. Ten were found to be totally skimmed and very largely watered, and no less than seven samples consisted of milk 50 per cent., water 50 per cent.,—milk and water half and half. Mr. Rowsell observes that though no poisonous or deleterious matter was found in the samples collected, dilution or adulteration with water is shown to such an extent as seriously to compromise the character of the milk, and to make it utterly unreliable as food for infants or aged persons. The life of an infant depends upon the quantum of nourishment in the milk given to it. A list of the prices paid for milk under workhouse contracts in force last year shows that the charges made differed greatly; the range was from 7½d. to 1s per imperial gallon. The list shows genuine milk supplied at 8½d. or 9d; and it shows 10d. charged for milk totally skimmed and very largely watered, and 1s. where the cream had been skimmed off and a little water added.

PRISON PUNISHMENTS.—An exchange gives the following description of prison punishments in use only a few years ago: The bed of roses, a mode of punishment devised by a convict, has been done away with. This bed consisted of a dark cell whose floor was covered all over with hard wooden balls fastened so securely that they could not be moved. Convicts were forced to enter this cell and lie for days upon this couch—to lie there until their flesh bore great dents and their bones ached with a thousand aches from the pressure of the hard knobs. Then there was another favorite instrument of punishment which has happily been dispensed with. This was termed the crucifix—and consisted of a long iron bar, weighing seventy-five or a hundred pounds. This was so arranged that when the arms of the man to be punished were extended each wrist was attached to an end of the bar, and a clasp from the centre attached around his neck. Thus it was impossible for him to move his arms in any position. I myself have seen a convict stand until he fell from exhaustion, and then was again lifted to his feet by two brother prisoners. When he fell again it was in a faint, and with the blood gushing from his nostrils and mouth. The cage, which is still in use, we saw while walking through the prison yard. This consists of a circular cage of hooped steel, which is made to fit over the convicts head and fasten around his neck. It is impossible to lie down with this head-dress, for one runs the risk of being strangled to death if he presses heavily upon the cage. Men are often required to wear this for several days in succession.

UNITED STATES CENSUS.—The census bureau makes public some valuable statistics in reference to coal mining in the United States for the year ending June 1, 1870. At that date the number of coal mining establishments in the Union was 1,650; hands employed underground, 64,440; above ground, 29,365; total, 92,805. Capital, $86,087,251; wages paid, $43,947,118. Number of tons of bituminous coal mined, 16,071,448; value, $32,705,424; number of tons of anthracite mined, 15,770,171; value, $38,737,493. Total tonage of coal mined, 31,843,119; value, $71,240,746.

An Impartial Judge.

Old Otsego county, says a Utica paper, boasts a Justice of the Peace who flashes out in the annals of local fame as arraigning himself for a delinquency. The Justice of the Peace referred to (no matter about his name or where he belongs) possesses the excellent attributes of integrity, ability and worth, but on one occasion he forgot his magisterial integrity. He let down in a weak moment the judicial bars which should hedge him in and roamed in the field of Bacchus. In short, on a recent occasion he imbibed too much strong drink, and in consequence awoke with a realizing sense of that fact next morning.

Now, here was a pretty go. A Justice of the Peace had been on a bender, or part of one. A man who was appointed to swing the flail of justice over the heads of poor unfortunate fellows wandering over into the wrong pasture himself! But there it was. He felt reminders of it in the occasional throbs of headache. But what was to be done. The more he viewed it the more he became disgusted with himself. He made up his mind. He would attend to his case. He would vindicate the outraged law.

So, at the usual hour he entered his office. He formally opened court, and then he called his own name as defendant in a suit in which "the people" charged him with an offence against the law, went over the circumstances in detail so far as he could remember them, read the "the statute in such cases made an i provided," and then asked the prisoner what he had to say.

In the role of prisoner he pleaded guilty of the offence, said it was a shame for a man of his years and position, but hoped "the court" would not be too severe on him, as he was determined to reform.

"The prisoner will stand up," said the stern old Justice. Then the prisoner arose.

"Now," said the Justice, "I am very sorry you have been brought into this court on a charge which so seriously affects your good name and standing in society; you have set a bad example, and if you go on at this rate you will bring sorrow and disgrace on yourself and family. I sentence you to pay a fine of $10 and costs, or to thirty day's imprisonment in the county jail."

The, "prisoner" said he would prefer to pay the fine—and when the court closed, he walked over to the poormaster of the town, and paid the ten dollars.

POISONOUS EXHALATIONS OF TREES.—H. Karstens, in a communication to a German Journal, "On the influence of the so called Poisonous Shadows," states that during a long residence in tropical America, he became well acquainted with the euphorbiaceous tree, Hippomane Manzanilla L., and with the fact that the natives consider it so poisonous as to avoid going near it, asserting that merely resting under its deep shade will produce serious sickness, and in very susceptible persons even death. The poisonous influences of this tree having been denied by various naturalists, especially Jacquin, the author gathered some of the juice on the sea-coast of Venezuela, near Lagouayra. In a short time he was seized with a sensation of heat and swelling all over his body, especially about the face. The next morning he was unable to open his eyes, and their irritation was so great as to force him to pass several days of great pain in a dark room. On the third day the swelling began to diminish and the cuticle to scale off. The Hippomane has then a juice which, in a dry atmosphere, evaporates from the moist bark and acts as an irritant poison to the skin and mucous membrane. It is stated by Jacquin that he remained many hours in close proximity to the tree without injury, but it was during a storm, and doubtless the wind and water carried off the noxious vapor. Karstens believes that the poisonous principle emanating from this species of spurge is nitrogenous, and, probably, is a substitution product of ammonia, analogous to trimethylamine.

THE SPANISH KING.—The Madrid correspondent of the *Independent Belge* states that when Admiral Topete got information relative to the intended attack on King Amadeus, he at once communicated with the Ministry, and Ruiz Zorilla; the Premier begged the King not to go to the garden fete. The King said he would not, but subsequently took it into his head that this alleged plot only existed in the nervous minds of his advisors and decided that he would go. The Queen said that if he went she went. On leaving the gardens the King was again warned of danger, and begged to return by another route, but he obstinately refused. All's well that ends well, and probably his defiance of danger has done him some service, but it is idle to attempt to take care of such a man. Probably King Amadeus agrees with poor Lord Mayo, who contended that precautions were utterly unavailing when the would-be assassin cared not for his own life; those Spaniards the other day certainly seemed indifferent as to their's.

INTERNATIONAL CODE OF SIGNALS.—The United States Treasury Department is considering the propriety of urging upon Congress at its next session the importance of some general enactment in regard to the adoption by the merchants' marine of the international code of signals now used by the merchant vessels of most foreign nations. This code is being published by the Navy Department for use in the navy, and when completed will be on sale at its cost of publication, which will be less than $3 per volume. The system is very complete, and by the use of the books communication can be established as well between vessels of nations speaking different languages as between those of the same nation. At present communication between American vessels is very different, owing to several systems being in use, and it is almost impracticable for an American merchant vessel to communicate with a vessel of a nation speaking a foreign language, or with vessels of the United States Navy, by which the new code has been adopted.

NOVEL METHOD OF PROPELLING STREET CARS.—The latest novelty in the way of street car motive power is now in operation in New Orleans. On a four wheel truck about half the length of an ordinary passenger car are a boiler, a tank, and a double-cylinder engine of seven inches stroke. The tank is filled with about three hundred gallons of water. This water is heated at the depot in a stationary and discharged into the tank at the beginning of each trip. In this manner enough steam is provided to propel the car nine miles, and have a surplus of power left at the end of the trip. One man performs the duties of engineer, brakeman, and conductor. There is no escape of steam, nor any noise beyond that ordinarily caused in running a passenger car and a trial of nearly three months has shown this new motor to be not only practicable, but much cheaper than horse power. The actual running expenses have been $1 48 per day.

GOLCONDA.—Somehow we don't feel disposed to credit in full that story of the Simbad's Valley which the papers tell us has been so lately discovered, near the Rio Colorado, Chiquito. There are too many diamonds and rubies shovelled up at a time, a bushel or so having been sent on to New York to be properly polished and cut. The two generous miners who discovered this new Golconda, instead of keeping their knowledge to themselves and picking up a bushel or two of gems whenever they were in want of money, preferred to tell the tale of their discoveries to certain speculative persons, and permit them first to preempt this diamond region, and next to form a stock company. In this idea of a stock company we smell a mice.—*Boston Globe.*

The Louisville papers tell a curious story about a negro woman who was bitten by a dog thirty years ago, and has been subject to convulsive fits about twice a month ever since. She is perfectly harmless, but when the fit is on she lies on the floor doubled up like a pooch, and barks for twenty minutes together. Her bark cannot be distinguished from that of a dog.

Remarkable Adventure.

Our citizens will remember how the showers came in frequent succession a few evenings ago, pouring torrents while they lasted, but stopping after a brief pour. Well, there were, at eight o'clock on that evening, seven men at the point in Sycamore, and Abigail streets to which is completed the great sewer which is really an up-town extension of the big Eggleston avenue sewer. Their business is to clean the open end of that sewer, so as to prevent delay to workmen engaged in constructing it up Sycamore street. It had occurred to them that by stirring the sediment at the bottom of the sewer the water from the showers would wash it away, and their work would in this way be greatly expedited. After a long cessation in the rain, they went into the sewer some distance, and continued their work. While so engaged, one of those heavy, sudden showers which characterized the evening came up and poured down its tremendous streams. The first warning they had of their peril was a sudden rush of water upon them, carrying the whole party off their feet. The four men nearest the mouth of the sewer escaped with difficulty, battling up stream against a powerful current, the other three were carried down toward the river by the galloping tide of defiled waters. Two of them caught at a man-hole near the canal and succeeded in making themselves heard by their four fortunate companions who had escaped. They were drawn up to the solid ground by these. But John Clark, one of their companions, was not so fortunate. He continued to travel down to Court street, where he made a short turn and thence proceeded before the every moment increasing volume of waters to Eggleston avenue sewer, where he made a turn to the right, whence it was a straight road to the river. Mr. Clark tells the story himself. He says he proceeded down in the darkness, his back to the press of waters and his face to the current. As he could not stand up, he put himself as nearly as possible in a sitting position, and went down the stream very much as a boy slides down hill on a sled, only Mr. Clark had no sled. Coming to the mouth of the sewer, where its waters discharge into the Ohio river, he cried for help. Mr. Lewis, who lives in a tenement wharf boat at that point, and who hires rowboats to parties, heard his cries, came to his relief, and saved him. Mr. Clark, exhibited a badly torn pair of pants, and a pretty roughly bruised body. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.—We find the following remarks, which all printers and publishers will agree in calling sensible, in an exchange, and commend them to the attention of the reader. They will apply to all localities in which newspapers circulate: The printer's dollars—we are as they are. A dollar here and a dollar there scattered over the numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart; how shall they be gathered together? The paper-maker, the journeyman-compositor, the building-owner, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business have their demands hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the where with to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following: Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which you are divided, collect yourselves and come home. You are wanted. Combinations of all sorts of men that help to make the printer a proprietor gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of you will please them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are you will never pay the cost of collecting. Come here in single file, that the printer may form you in battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit. Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes? If you have, order them home immediately.

SCALPING A BOY.—An incident of a fight is related by Gen. Custer, which, its correctness being vouched for, is worthy of being here repeated. Both parties were mounted, and the fighting consisted principally of charges and counter-charges, the combatants of both sides becoming at times mingled with each other. During one of these attacks a bugler boy belonging to the cavalry was shot from his horse; before any of his comrades could reach him, a powerfully built warrior, superbly mounted on a war pony, was seen to dash at full speed toward the spot where the dying bugler lay. Scarcely checking the speed of his pony, who seemed to divine his rider's wishes, the warrior grasped the pony's mane with one hand and, stooping low as he neared the bugler, seized the latter with the other hand and lifted him from the earth, placing him across his pony in front of him. Still maintaining the full speed of his pony, he was seen to retain the body of the bugler but a moment, then cast it to the earth. The Indians being routed soon after and driven from the field, our troops, many of whom had witnessed the strange and daring action of the warrior, recovered possession of the dead, when the mystery became solved. The bugler had been scalped.

TEA.—A good deal of misdirected effort has been expended in endeavoring to introduce the tea culture in the United States. The tea plant says a good authority is very closely allied to the camelia, or japonica, which thrives in the open air in the Southern States, and there is no reason why it should not do equally well there. But it would be impossible to raise and prepare tea for the market here so as to compete with the imported article, on account of the scarcity and high price of labor. Besides, there is a great loss of land in tea culture until the plants attain their growth, which takes from three to five years. When the leaves are ready for picking this must be done by hand labor, and in China it requires eight days' work of fifteen skillful hands to pick enough leaves to produce three hundred pounds of the dried tea. If the tea plant grew wild in profusion, it would be cheaper to buy the China product than to undertake to gather it here.

THE DIFFERANCE.—One who knows, says that German women prefer the man who is agreeable, and keeps his word strictly. French women choose a man with open brow and smiling countenance. The Russian females prefer a countryman of their own who looks upon Western nations as barbarians. The Danish remain closely at home, and desire to hear nothing of travel abroad. The Spanish woman selects a man capable of avenging his honor and her own. The Hollanders one who is peaceable in his ways, and desires never to hear of strife and war. And the American ladies marry the earliest good offer they get, taking the first man who will take them, caring nothing for his rank or social position, and still less whether or not he be halt, lame, deaf and dumb, or blind—*if he but has plenty of money.* How fortunate for us that we live in such a country!

THAT KNIFE.—"They say" that Wilkie Collin's jackknife has now been found by a Fort Wayne man. This knife has a history. Collins bought it and had his name engraved on it. He lost it at Tours, France. The finder committed a murder with it. Collins chanced to be in attendance at the trial, and recovered his knife. He lost it again at Bath, England, and the finder committed suicide with it. Collins again recovered the knife, but lost it the third time. This time it has been found in Fort Wayne. The gentleman who picked it up is a great admirer of the novelist, and wrote to him, receiving in reply a letter detailing the above cheerful facts. Probably when the knife has been lost and found a couple of times more, Collins will write a novel founded on its adventures.

HORSES FEET.—A veterinary observer writes to *The Prairie Farmer* that it is a mistaken notion that a horse is better for having large feet. He looks upon large feet either in horse or man as an indication that all the bones of the animal are soft and porous.

The Ethics of Jesting.

A humorous paragraph has been going the rounds of the press lately—as most paragraphs of the sort do—one so exceedingly and surpassingly stupid that we have no hesitation about attributing it to one or another of those dreary weeklies—*Punch, Judy,* or *Fun*—which our English cousins are content to think funny. The paragraph reads:

"A newly married daughter asked her mother how long the honeymoon lasts. 'Until you ask your husband for money, my dear,' was the reply."

We have seen this weakling in all sorts of places lately. One paper puts it in a column of "News Items." Another classes it with "Happenings Here and There." Some of them credit it to "Pen and Scissors," and occasionally we find it unblushingly announced as "Wit and Humor." So long as this was confined to provincial dailies and rural weeklies, we bore it with a sigh of regret that the literary taste of our country journalists was so small and their sense of humor so blunt. We now find the paragraph, however, in three *religious* journals of the first-class, and its presence there prompts us to ask a question or two. Are the editors of these religious papers aware that a lost carries a teaching with it good or bad, as the case may be, as often as anything else does? Do they know that every professedly humorous paragraph they print finds half a dozen readers where their labored leaders find but one? Probably this idea has never occurred to them, but it is true nevertheless, and the editor who preaches good things in his ponderous articles should look sharply after his original or borrowed withings, lest they undo faster than he can do. It is a small thing, perhaps, but the little paragraph which we have taken as a sample as current items of the sort, teaches—well, let us not be too harsh, but call it softly, in the language of good Mrs. Opie, "a lie." It is not true, among good people, that the harmony of a marriage is broken as soon as the wife asks the husband for money. It is not true that women are all selfish and silly, or that men are all idiots, which is precisely what this little paragraph means, if it means anything.

And are we not, as a people, a trifle too fond of jesting about matrimonial matters? We hardly ever read a newspaper in which there is not an unjust fling at wives as a class and marriage as an institution. Of course it is all meant in jest, but it is serving to break down our reverence for the most sacred of social relations.

Of the hundreds of papers in which we see jests of this sort, not one would dare utter, editorially, the sentiment which is finding constant expression in its most attractive column. Perhaps not one of them would wish to do so. And yet they are constantly impressing the sentiment upon others, and giving it vastly more of vitality, as a teaching, than they could possibly give it by direct, earnest argument.

We know a successful publisher, one of whose standing instructions it has always been that there shall be in his publications no jesting at the expense of old maids and no flings at the marriage relation. When the coming School of Journalism shall be a reality, we hope to see that publisher make a lecture on the Ethics of Journalistic Jokes.—*Hearth and Home.*

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF TWO CHILDREN.—In Waterbury the lightning struck a house in a suburb occupied by John Read. It first struck the lightning rod, taking a lively run downward until it reached the sill, where owing to an imperfection in the rod, it divided one portion running out from the house, and kicking up a rumpus in a wood-pile near by, the other entering the dwelling on the head of a nail, and running along the floor of the sitting room, killing a dog under the lounge, and then to the corner of the room, tearing a huge splinter from the sill, and then entering the cellar, where its force was spent upon a large rock which was considerably shattered. Two little children were on the lounge at the time, but they felt no injury. Mrs. Read who was in an adjoining room was considerably prostrated by the shock.

JAPANESE WOMEN.—The Japanese women are not pretty; but they have charming natural manners, with beautifully shaped arms and tiny hands. The young women are all as remarkable for their superb white teeth as the married ones are for their hideous black ones. This custom originated some two or three hundred years ago, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband. One of the Mikado's wives (so goes the legend) was very lovely, and to show her indifference to her personal appearance, and to prove her love for her husband, blackened her beautiful teeth and shaved off her eyebrows. This was considered such a sacrifice, that all living wives (not to be outdone by Mrs. Mikado) followed her example. The custom has become compulsory.

COUNTRY ROADS.—There are two old time affairs, says the *Watchman and Reflector*, which should be revived and kept in faithful operation in our country towns—guide boards at all blind places on the public thoroughfares, so that a stranger can go from one town to another and make long journeys without losing his way; there are few things more aggravating to a tired traveller than to come to a "fork in the road" and find no guide-board; try it once yourself. The other old fashioned custom is that of watering-troughs at convenient places by the roadside, so that the weary horse may refresh himself. These are comparatively small things, but they are important, and our rural people can scarcely do wiser or better deeds than putting up guide-boards and watering-troughs; a few trees set out by the latter would in a short time make a grateful shade to man and beast.

SHAKERS.—The Shaker settlement at Niskayuna, Schenectady County, New York, is unlike any ordinary village. It has no store, shop, lawyer's office, nor druggist's laboratory. The four colonies into which the settlement is divided live nearly a mile from each other. The buildings are commodious, comfortable, and scrupulously neat. No attempt is made at architectural display; yet the Shakers evidently love the beautiful, and will combine it, if possible, with the useful. Each colony has an office for the transaction of public business, and a leader who has power to manage the affairs of the society. The Shakers here have amassed considerable wealth, yet no one claims any thing as his own. All things are possessed in common.

NEW YORK POPULATION.—Census tables, just out, show that of the population of New York, 2, 163,229 are males and 2,-219,533 female. Of the school age (that is, from 5 to 18), there are 613,659 male and 617,329 females. The militia of the State, or the male inhabitants between 18 and 45, number 881,500. The male inhabitants of the State above 21 are 1,158,901, of which number 981,587 are voters. The militia of New York county number 213,-937; the male inhabitants over 21, number 240,990, and the voters 188,276.

THE CENSUS.—The United States Census is working on its mass of figures, which were collected in 1870, and the tables of occupations are now in shape. The number of people in the States ten years old and over is 28,228,288. Of these 5,922,-471 are engaged in agriculture. There are 2,053 actors, 2 948 artists, 405 authors and lectures, 43,874 clergymen, 26,894 hotel keepers, 40,736 lawyers, 6,519 professional musicians 62,483 physicians and surgeons, 126,822 teachers', 5,286 journalists.

THEY MET.—Two Troy milliners who hated each other as only rival milliners can hate, started for Europe, each flattering herself that the other was ignorant of her intention, and found themselves the occupants of the same state room on the steamer. The way they avoided each other was a study for a philosopher.

The Central Agricultural and Mechanical Association will hold its fair in Selma, Ala., beginning on the 12th of November and continuing one week.

The Prussian Jesuits.

The following is the order of the Emperor of Prussia, expelling the Jesuits from his dominions:

We, William, by the grace of God Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, &c., in the name of the German empire and with the assent of the Federal Council and Parliment, do order:

First—The Order of the Society of Jesus, also orders and monastic congregations affiliated with the said society, are hereby excluded from the territory of the German empire.

The creation of further establishments is interdicted. The establishments in actual existence shall be suppressed within a period to be fixed by the Federal Council, which time shall not exceed six months.

Second—The members of the Order of the Society of Jesus, or of the orders and congregations affiliated therewith, shall, if they are foreigners, be expelled from the territory of the Confederation; if they are natives they shall be removed to certain districts, or in certain localities, to which, under the interdict, they shall be assigned.

Third—The Federal Council will take the necessary measures to insure the execution of this law.

In faith of which we have signed our hand and affixed the imperial seal.

WILHELM.

Prince Bismarck.

Done at Ems, July 4, 1872.

Instruct